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CHRONICLE.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. LAST Saturday's morning papers brought the conflict of reports which has accompanied the more serious, but not more energetic, encounters of armies in Chili to a crisis. They contained in the same column the contradictory statements that BALMACEA was defeated, and that he had hemmed in the Congressionals, who were now reduced to desperation. By the evening we had some means of learning which version was the true one. It then appeared that Señor BALMACEA had carried on the tradition of that famous Junta Suprema of Napoleonic times, which continued to report the utter defeat and destruction of the French armies, while they were actually taking possession of Seville. Monday's papers confirmed this news. The Congressionals, as a matter of fact, had not been hemmed in at all. After landing in Quintero Bay on the 21st August, they had first defeated the PRESIDENT's troops in a pitched battle, and had then advanced on Valparaiso. In a second engagement on the 28th, variously described as a furious battle and as a heavy skirmish, the PRESIDENT's generals were killed, and his troops so completely beaten that Valparaiso surrendered. The fact that numbers of his men seem to have gone over to his enemies as soon as defeat appeared certain may perhaps prove that they had, as the Congressionals allege, been recruited by violence. Perhaps it only proves their absolute indifference to both parties. Tuesday's papers began to give—as might have been expected—reports of anarchy in Valparaiso and Santiago. In the former town order was restored partly by the efforts of the foreign warships in the harbour, partly by the wholesome vigour displayed by the Congressional leaders in shooting rioters and newspaper editors who distributed incendiary pamphlets. In Santiago the mob was longer unchecked, and gave way to arson, and kindred ways of expressing its feelings. But there also order is said to have been restored, partly by General MANUEL BAQUEDANO, who has apparently lived through all the trouble of the last year undisturbed, and has been allowed to maintain an attitude of judicious neutrality. In Coronel the PRESIDENT's soldiers have massacred their officers, and, in combination with the mob, have indulged in excesses unchecked by the Congressionals or by foreign warships. BALMACEA, before taking to flight, handed over the command to BAQUEDANO, and with the help of the Congressionals that officer has put a stop to anarchy in Santiago. This fortunate General has been appointed interim President, the Congressional Committee are on their way from Iquique, and, though Coquimbo holds out, it is probably only till the garrison can secure terms. BALMACEA has fled. Rumours that he has been killed, or that he has got off in one of his steamers, both want confirmation, and doubtless owe their existence to their probability. All his supporters, who could, have taken refuge on foreign ships, and the Congressionals can now go play, unless they fall out among themselves, of which not uncommon result of victory in civil war there are not wanting signs. According to the last report, the *Espiègle* scandal is a KENNEDY scandal. Sensible people will wait for better evidence than round assertions from Chili before believing that there is any scandal whatever.—News was received on Tuesday of the defeat and repulse of another French Central African Expedition of the CRAMPEL order. It was led by a M. FOURNIER, and proposed to explore the Sanga, an affluent of the Congo, which is understood to supply a highway between the central Soudan and French Congo. The proposed route would have led across the region supposed to have been reserved to English influence by the Convention with France.—The approaching military manoeuvres to be carried on between Vitry-le-

François and Chaumont occupy attention in France herself for the present. Manœuvres are in fact the real business of Europe. Austria has begun with the German EMPEROR as her guest, and the others are preparing to follow.—From the East there comes the usual supply of stories to the effect that the SULTAN is angry, and will not talk to Sir WILLIAM WHITE, because England refuses to evacuate Egypt for the convenience of the various other claimants who would certainly leave the Porte little enough to say in it, and some of whom would certainly not pay him his tribute—that Russia is evading its promise not to send warships through the Dardanelles, by employing its Volunteer fleet to carry its soldiers—and that Servia is flourishing its tuck under the nose of Bulgaria, which tuck it has promised, on a broad hint from the SULTAN, to flourish in a more secluded place.—In Russia the rye famine has led to bread riots.—The dismal Canadian inquiry into scandals goes on, with the result that more corruption is continually discovered, and is found to have reached higher and higher. Mr. SÉNÉCAL, who is accused of carrying the practice of extorting commissions from contractors to a great extreme, has followed Mr. MCGREEVY's example, and has decided to contemplate the progress of the inquiry from the safe seclusion of the United States.—Sir R. PINSENT's Committee has ended its inquiry into the grievances of the Newfoundland fishermen, and has made a report to the effect that they have been subject to much and vexatious interruption by the French, while they have received little or no protection from English cruisers.

On Saturday the *Freeman* was rescued from the hands of Mr. PARNELL by young Mr. GRAY and his friends the Archbishops by a majority, not only of shares, which had been foreseen, but of shareholders, which had not been expected. The Sunday eloquence of Mr. PARNELL was confined to a eulogy of the dynamite prisoners, which sounded a trifle forced; a few dexterous thrusts at Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON; a promise that he will have his daily very soon, and an expression of confidence that his daily will find subscribers. Mr. O'BRIEN has complained that his letter explaining why he could not attend the meeting was not read, as being too long, though it only reached the very moderate figure of "sixty-one lines of a column"—a trifle for a gentleman of his fluency. Meanwhile a Mr. CAREW—still of New Tipperary—has explained at length how he, together with others, was induced to believe that he might safely join in bullying Mr. SMITH-BARRY, while it would be dangerous to him not to join. How he, therefore, did take part in the "heroic" venture, and how he has been left in the lurch by his clerical and political leaders. Mr. CAREW seems dimly to suspect that a little courage and honesty would have been the best policy for him after all; but he only suspects it very dimly. The Home Rule Union has published a draft of a Home Rule Bill as a reproach presumably to the leaders who have so steadily refused to do the work themselves.

Whatever may be the case with the partridges, Correspondence. the invaluable persons who supply letters to a press threatened with dearth of copy are strong on the wing. Servants' wages, foreign railway carriages, drunkenness, drains, have been called upon, and have not been found wanting. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN has kindly favoured the *Times* with an echo of its own leader on the *Espiègle's* share in the Chilian confusion. Mr. HALL has rebuked the impertinence of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD's comments on his management of his estate. Mr. TALLACK has answered Lord GRIMTHORPE artfully, but not effectually. The art was shown by beginning his letter with laudation of that destruction and reconstruction at St. Albans which Lord GRIMTHORPE

calls restoration. The want of effect appeared in Mr. TALLACK's effort to prove that capital punishment is bad, or at least of dubious use, not because it does not serve its purpose when properly employed, but because it is not uniformly enforced. The remedy for that defect is uniform enforcement. He has been answered by Lord GRIMTHORPE with an asperity which proves that his compliments have been utterly wasted. The correspondence is widening, and promises well. The "English Church on the Continent" has opened another sluice. From the information supplied we learn that the ablest men in the Church do not prefer to establish themselves where there are no parishes, no sufficient revenue, no permanent congregations, and no career. Some of the correspondents share the belief, common among travelling Englishmen, that the English clergy when they go abroad for rest should be at the beck and call of any casual knot of persons who happen to be in the hotel with them.

The political speaking of the week has not been of sufficient importance to require separate notice. Lord HERSCHELL has opened a Liberal Club at Swansea, and Sir CHARLES DILKE has addressed a meeting of miners at Wrexham. The speech of the first contained little beyond the information that Lord HERSCHELL is a Liberal because all just men are, and that the note of a Liberal is to say ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE. Sir CHARLES DILKE repeated his confession of faith in the need for an Eight Hours Bill. Lord CADOGAN gave the Sheffield Cutlers much the sort of speech appropriate to the Cutlers' Feast on Thursday night.—The Free Education Act comes into force this week, and has been welcomed with mixed feelings. The schools which have been declared free have been found also to become suspect to a portion of the working class.—The example set by the Salvation Army in persistently defying the law at Eastbourne continues to bear its natural fruits. There was serious riot on Sunday, in which both the police and Mr. BOOTH's rabble were roughly handled. This has, of course, called forth the usual outcry from people who hold the curious new doctrine that when somebody begins by behaving in a violent and regular way, it is particularly wicked to interfere with him irregularly. We fear it is a sign of weakness that the Corporation has called on the inhabitants of the route used by the Salvationists to vote for, or against, a compromise by which the Army will in practice gain its point. If so, the Corporation ought to feel its courage revived by the size of the majority which has rejected its suggestion.—The doctrine, also strange, that good character entitles a man to impunity for breach of the law has been again affirmed by Sir P. EDLIN. He has allowed two men convicted of intimidation to get off scot free, for that is what is meant by binding them over to come up for judgment. Man, like the dog, is entitled to one bite apparently. It is an encouraging doctrine for the Unions, which can secure indefinite successive relays of "respectable men" to intimidate.—An International Congress of Orientalists has met in the Hall of the Inner Temple, under the Presidency of Dr. TAYLOR; and has discussed many things more or less Oriental, from dwarf races and worship to the influence of Arab-Spanish women on Spanish civilization.—The Associated Chambers of Commerce have closed their meeting at Dublin, after affirming the need for practical measures to secure a closer commercial union between the mother-country and the colonies. It is easier to affirm the need than to find the practical measures.—On Monday a train was allowed to break out of the station at Ramsgate, with fatal results to the only person who was in the way. The accident appears to have been due to the insane practice of suspending the precautions against accidents in the busiest season. The engine was reversed, and the brake would not work.

Storm and Harvest. The heavy south-westerly gale, which began on Monday evening and lasted for twenty-four hours, has destroyed all hope of a general good harvest. There has been no great shipping disaster, though small wrecks are reported from all round the coast. Some parts of the country have escaped better than others, but they are very few. Destruction has fallen on the crops in Wales, in the Midland Counties, in Norfolk, in the Kent hop-fields. In Bucks, where the crop was heavy, it has been so beaten down with the wind that the sickle must be used—and it is said that the art of using the sickle has been in some parts of the country nearly forgotten. It is not one which can be acquired in a day, and the fact affords matter for reflection to those who rely on the employment

of machinery to pull the English farmer through his difficulties. The prospect of the harvest in Ireland is little better than in England. In Scotland there is still a chance that a favourable change in the weather may save the corn; but the storm has been most destructive, and the hope is a poor one.

Sport. Partridge-shooting suffered severely from the general backward state of the harvest. In many districts it has been found necessary to postpone the opening of the shooting till the end of the month. The reports as to the condition of the birds are very various. In the Eastern Counties they are fairly good, in the Midland Counties very indifferent, while in Cheshire and Flintshire the heavy rains of the brooding season have been very destructive.—The singularly close and well-contested match between North and South at Scarborough ended on Wednesday by a victory for the South by six runs. An exciting ending to the match compensated for the rather depressing beginning of the Scarborough Festival, which suffered from the malignity of the weather. The play was delayed by the state of the ground. In London the last great match of the season—Surrey v. Kent—was played on ground made spongy by rain on Friday. On Saturday the bowling of LOCKWOOD secured Surrey an unexpectedly brilliant victory by 105 runs. Rain has had a painfully large share of the cricket season, of which we review the general features elsewhere. As cricket draws to its end football begins. In England entries have been made for the matches, and in Ireland a Canadian team was defeated at Belfast on Saturday. The meeting of the Rugby Football Union is announced for the 16th, to consider the contentious question of transfers.—The races at the Derby meeting have afforded nothing of interest.—The weather has at all times exceptional powers of favouring or spoiling yachting. In the beginning of this week it chose to do the spoiling. The Channel match, which was to have been sailed on Monday between Dartmouth and Plymouth, was ruined by the gale. Of the eight yachts which started from Dartmouth Range, only two—Mr. JAMESON's yawl *Erycina* and Mr. STILL's cutter *Sanguida*—succeeded in rounding the Eddystone and finishing the course at Plymouth. They came in in the order of their names above. The two had a handicap match to themselves next day, which did not alter their respective positions. In the fine weather of Thursday there was some pretty racing for small vessels.—On Tuesday the annual golf handicap tournament for the Queen Victoria Challenge Cup began at St. Andrews. The Vase fell to Mr. COLT.

The obituary of the week contains several names of some note, though none of any great fame. Bishop CALDWELL, who died at Madras, had been engaged in the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in India since 1838, and was of some distinction as an Orientalist.—Mr. LEONARD C. WYON, modeller and engraver to the Mint, in which he was born in 1829, had passed his life in its service. He was known as a medallist, and had designed the coinages of many British possessions. The old florin was his design; but not the new. A comparison between them need not be feared in the interest of Mr. WYON's reputation.—Sir PHILIP GREY-EGERTON was a country gentleman who had been a soldier, a good landlord in a county of good landlords.—General HENRY HAMILTON had done good service in subordinate command in the Mutiny.—Mr. F. PRAEGER, the musician, was a prolific composer who had been settled in England since 1834. He was best known as a successful teacher and as a writer and lecturer on music.—General LATINO COELHO was vaguely known out of his native Portugal as the leader of the Portuguese Republicans.—Mr. SYDNEY WILLIAMS, of the firm of WILLIAMS & NORGATE, was a publisher of note who was himself not without experience as a writer.

THE COLLAPSE OF SEÑOR BALMACEDA.

IF it were not somewhat ungenerous to taunt a beaten party, we should be inclined to ask the Balmacedists whether, in their account of the transactions of last week, they did not overlook the precept "Be not too bold." It is frequently as well not to know when you are beaten; but to carry this nescience to the point of declaring that your enemy has surrendered to the last man, when he is holding a position which you are on the eve of attacking, only to be

utterly beaten, is both too audacious and too anticipatory. It is not clear what purpose (unless it might be some obscure Stock Exchange intrigue) could be served by such a tissue of lies as the Presidential party circulated last Thursday evening; but, whatever the purpose was, it utterly failed of achievement. The conduct of the invasion by General DEL CANTO appears to have been as intelligent as it was bold in its beginning and successful at its end; though, of course, we must not pay too implicit credence to the Congressional accounts of the intentions as well as the results of the plan. Of the landing and the passage of the *Aconcagua*, the Balmacedist accounts appear to have been fairly correct. It is less certain whether the attacks on Viña del Mar were, as the Congressionals say, from the first a feint, or whether they substituted the policy of extending in the direction of the Santiago road when they found the defences of Valparaíso too hard to crack. At any rate, the policy, whether a first or a second thought, was fully successful. BALMACEDA first drew all his strength from Santiago, and then found himself cut off from it, and obliged to assume the offensive. The accounts of the final battle are not altogether consistent, but they all agree that the better arming and leading of the Congressionals, their possession of the defensive, and, last, but not least, the desertion of considerable bodies of the Presidential troops, made the victory certain beforehand. It was, at any rate, very thorough and very rapid when it came about. Neither in Valparaíso nor in Santiago itself does there seem to have been any stand made by the Balmacedists; and in the former town the protection for a time afforded by the marines of the English and other ships in the harbour appears to have been a little inefficient. But the Congressionals very quickly "assumed the reins"—which in South American means began shooting. They cleared off some two hundred "rioters" the first night; they shot an official or two, and (shocking to relate) a newspaper editor next day or so, and they frankly declined to issue any amnesty or give any assurances. But they do not seem, as South Americans go, to have abused their victory much. It was, as we have said, complete enough. The Valparaíso forts seem to have surrendered without firing a shot; the *Almirante Lynch* fired a few for form's sake, and then struck, all the other Presidential vessels following suit. But the remaining details cannot be given here. It is excessively improbable that much serious resistance will continue, while the commanders of those much-talked-of craft, the *Errazuriz* and the *Pinto*, will, no doubt, find it their best way to make terms. Even two hundred years and more ago Prince RUPERT found a fleet and nothing else a most unsatisfactory possession, and a sea freelance could in those days do things and find refuges which are quite impossible now.

Assuming that the insurrection is over, we may pronounce it a tolerably lively, but extremely badly recorded, example of the usual South American war, carried on on all the larger scale and with all the greater determination because the country has been for a long time the quietest, richest, and best organized of all the States which came from the break-up of the Spanish Indies. It is almost impossible to imagine a better arranged country for "revoluting" in than Chili. Its enormous length, coupled with its wasp-like narrowness and the fact that the sea borders it on one side, and not merely neutral but very difficult country on the other, give particular opportunities to such a *coup de main* as General DEL CANTO's, when one party manages to secure the command of the sea. Indeed, it was probably nothing but the necessity of waiting for proper armament which delayed the *coup* so long. The PRESIDENT had, practically, no choice between leaving the Northern provinces (and with them a great, if not the best, part of his revenue) in the undisturbed possession of the enemy, and of enabling that enemy, when he had sent off part of his troops on the long and troublesome land journey, to take him at disadvantage by the short and easy route of the sea. The war is, as we have said, very imperfectly recorded hitherto. Its land actions have probably been for the most part more stubborn than scientific, though, as we have said, the final dash of General DEL CANTO (perhaps a little gilded by its success) seems to have been a workmanlike as well as a lucky exploit. Had the Congressional fleet, in its first and full strength, met the four new Presidential ships—the two *Almirantes* and the two *Presidentes*—face to face, something like that naval battle for which everybody is waiting would have been vouchsafed us. As it was, the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada* by the *Lynch* and the *Condell* showed only that an ironclad caught napping is not much safer than a

ballast-barge in the same position; while the subsequent discomfiture of the two torpedo-catchers by the unarmoured and lightly armed *Aconcagua* showed that fair steam-power and alert brains are more than a match for torpedoes and torpedo-catchers both. Which lessons are useful, and calculated to strengthen a man's belief in the moral and intellectual government of the universe; but not entirely novel, nor very striking.

As for the future of Chili, there will, no doubt, be some shooting of foes, and perhaps a little squabbling of friends. The very slight depression of Chilian securities, even when the war was most doubtful, and their rapid rise when it seemed to be decided, show how advantageous it is for a nation to have mastered the elementary principle that there is no such weak-minded course of action as not paying your debts. For some time to come, no doubt, the expenses of the recent contest will weigh rather heavily upon Chili. European sympathies have been, for the most part, and rightly, with the victorious party. It is true that to take so high a tone as the *Times* does, to talk of "the Congressional chiefs annulling the decrees of the usurper," "abrogating the laws passed by the servile Legislature," "which was his creature," and so forth, may be excessive. After all, we do not know that Señor BALMACEDA was much more than a Chilian Mr. GLADSTONE; and the bare idea of hunting Mr. GLADSTONE like a partridge on the mountains, of annulling and abrogating the Irish Church Act, the Land Act, and other measures passed by servile Legislatures which were his creatures, and of shooting the editor of the *Daily News*, is too horrible almost to mention. The Chilian contest was probably not very different from other South American contests, though the greater power and resources of the country, its pluckier population, its more formidable armament, and perhaps the very fact that it has been quiet and constitutional for so long, embittered, magnified, and lengthened the struggle. It is—at least it may be hoped so—over; and we think the right party has won. If they are wise, they will leave off shooting as soon as possible, sell at least one of the *Presidentes* and one of the *Almirantes* to anybody who wants ships at a reasonable discount, put the army and navy generally on a peace footing, and set every Chilian to work to make money as soon as may be. A revolution is a very expensive amusement, and, though it is probably impossible that even the soberest nation of Spanish-Indian blood should not allow itself one now and then, Chili has had a fling of this kind which had better last her for a considerable number of years. It is sure to rank in history, if only as the first of modern times which has practically been decided by the navy. The naval strength of the Congressionals did not indeed work precisely in the way or to the extent that was first expected, but without it they could not possibly have won.

COUNTY CRICKET.

THAT much-abused phrase "a bowlers' year" may be said to describe the past cricket season fairly well. In June, however, there was the promise of a lively time for batsmen, almost all the prominent players opening in excellent form, with the strange exceptions of SHREWSBURY and Dr. W. G. GRACE. But the persistent rains of July and August utterly ruined the prospect of a thoroughly played-out contest among the leading counties. Since 1879 a season so dismal has not been known. Drenching storms have caused an immense percentage of games drawn, or abandoned, with the natural result of a considerable reduction in batting averages. When the rain cleared for a while, those bright intervals that tempered the severity of the daily forecasts seldom arrived to cheer players and spectators. Sudden wickets, blustering winds, and gloomy skies were the prevailing conditions of this year's cricket. The struggle among the first-class counties has not produced any unexpected results in the relative position of competitors. Surrey retains the first place with a record that is even more decisive than that of last year. From all points of view, the supremacy of Surrey is of the most substantial kind. The position the county holds is altogether invulnerable to attacks of the ingenious and specious description known as the "ex-plaining-away" process. Once again Surrey heads the list by consistent superiority in all departments of the game. Of sixteen games played, they won twelve, lost two,

and two were drawn. Last year's record tells of fourteen matches played, nine of which were won, three lost, and two drawn. These figures show that the victory of Surrey is even more remarkable than last year's. Several prominent batsmen of the eleven fell away considerably from their form of last season. ABEL leads with a higher average than that which secured him the first place last year, and READ replaces LOHMANN as second, though LOHMANN's average as third in the batting list of Surrey is an excellent one. Mr. W. W. READ and HENDERSON, who follow next in order, average a trifle over twenty-two each. LOHMANN's reputation with the ball, the bat, and in the field was completely sustained. This brilliant cricketer shows an unapproached mastery of the game, and is beyond all question the best of living examples of the "all-round" player. It has been argued that the conspicuous success of Surrey has been partially due to the singular frequency of Mr. SHUTER's winning the toss, with the right of starting the batting. The only occasion when they were decidedly beaten was by Middlesex, when their opponents won the toss and opened the game on a true and fast wicket, which had become treacherous through heavy showers by the time that Surrey had to bat. Surrey, certainly, enjoyed all the season a disproportionate share in the kind of "good luck" which Middlesex gained on this occasion. As a contributive element in victory, too much has been made of Surrey's advantage in this respect. In several matches the weather was so capricious that the luck was equivalent to a very dubious favouring of the winning side, and on those occasions when Surrey undoubtedly reaped a certain amount of benefit from their "good luck," widely divergent estimates of the benefit may be reasonably held by critics. Considering all the elements of chance in cricket, it would be exceedingly rash to assert that Surrey gained a single victory owing merely to Mr. SHUTER's luck.

The capacity of the Surrey eleven was strikingly vindicated on difficult wickets, as in the return match with Kent, the last of the season. On this occasion Surrey won the toss, and, at the conclusion of Kent's first innings, held a balance of thirty-eight runs. But following Kent, on a very treacherous wicket, they again exceeded their opponents' first innings by seventeen runs, and then proceeded to put Kent out for forty-five. In this second innings of Kent only thirty-three runs were made off the bat, and LOCKWOOD performed the extraordinary feat of taking seven Kentish wickets, all bowled, for nineteen runs. Lancashire takes second place in the county list, yet the sum of their achievements is far below that of Surrey. Of the older players, BARLOW and WATSON were unable to shine as heretofore. Mr. A. G. STEELE, unfortunately, played but once. Among the recruits, Mr. A. G. M'LAREN and Mr. S. M. CROSFIELD were notably successful, while WARD, SMITH, SUGG, and Mr. A. N. HORNBY showed capital form throughout the season. Mr. KEMBLE approved himself to be a competent wicket-keeper, if not another PILLING. MOLD and BRIGGS bowled with wonderful success. The advance of Middlesex to third place from the last but one in last year's tail is a pretty illustration of the old truth, "You cannot play county cricket without bowlers." This year a strong batting team, but not stronger than in the disastrous season of 1890, has scored as many victories as Lancashire, chiefly through the excellent bowling of J. T. HEARNE and RAWLIN. The great feature of the campaign, in which Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. STODDART displayed brilliant hitting and firm defence, was the conquest of Surrey by the Metropolitan county. Nottingham might have taken a higher place than the fourth, but for the moderate success of the bowlers. The batting figures of the eleven are eloquent of strength, SHREWSBURY and GUNN both averaging over forty. The county has long been a prolific nursery of bowlers, and it is a pity it does not continue to keep the best of these. SHREWSBURY's course through the season was altogether exceptional. On the sound and dry wickets of June this admirable player did absolutely nothing. But when the wet set in and the averages of other batsmen began to dwindle, SHREWSBURY played with his ancient vigour and certainty, scoring heavily to the very close of the season. Kent shows a disappointing record, though it was clearly a powerful eleven that beat Middlesex twice. Somerset may fairly be said to have fulfilled the promise of last year, if not the expectations of those sanguine persons who did not distinguish between "first-class" counties and second-class. To have won the most exciting contest of the year is a distinction that any one of the counties might envy. But the batting of Somerset has been consistently good. Mr.

WOODS and Mr. C. A. SMITH are the only amateurs who head county bowling lists, and Mr. WOODS, like Mr. NEPEAN and Mr. SMITH, of Sussex, "round the corner" SMITH, will make runs at the critical moment, and puzzle the best of his opponents with the ball. Sussex has improved considerably on last season's record, thanks to the bowling of TATE and Mr. SMITH, the batting of BRAN, HUMPHREYS, Mr. NEWHAM, Mr. SMITH, and MARLOW. For Yorkshire and Gloucestershire the season has been extremely depressing. The former eleven has experienced many changes. Some of the recruits, notably Mr. F. S. JACKSON, Mr. E. SMITH, and WARDALL, promise to be valuable additions to the county. Gloucestershire suffered greatly from the failure of Mr. CRANSTON to repeat his last year's career of successes. An accident early in the season seriously affected Dr. W. G. GRACE's play, though in bowling the champion served his county admirably. His play at the close of the season proved, however, that he was but temporarily disabled, and everybody may hope to see him resume his old position in the batting lists of next year.

THE DARDANELLES.

THE setting of the usual holiday task for coffee-house babble has been postponed for some time by the Cronstadt and Portsmouth festivities; and now that the subject has been published, it is not by any means without reference to them. It has been known for some time that Russia has been trying to get the passage of the Dardanelles opened to her own fleet, while retaining the closure on other ships of war. The wedge used on this particular occasion has been the once celebrated Volunteer Fleet—the vessels which are at once ships of war and not ships of war—and the Czar's Government has felt or affected extreme wrath at the application of the rule to one of these Quaker craft. Report now says that not only has Turkey submitted to an apology and an indemnity for the stoppage of the *Moscow*, but that she has also agreed for the future to interpose no barrier in the way of free navigation for Russian war vessels. No confirmation, neither any denial, of this has come from official sources, and of course, though it would be a mere shuffle, there is the shuffle that the *Moscow* is a ship of war and not a ship of war, and that she was passing through in her not-ship-of-war capacity. And this is the explanation officiously given. But the matter has fluttered the always rather easily flutterable dovescotes of Vienna, and is seen there as the first-fruits of the Russo-French understanding which Baron MOHRENHEIM—more indefatigable than Admiral GÉRAIS—is still not weary of toasting on whatsoever balcony, platform, or other high place he may quite accidentally find himself in presence of a crowd. The SULTAN, it is said, is in GHAZI OSMAN PASHA's hands, and the GHAZI has a regard for his Plevna conquerors; he is angry with England about Egypt, and so forth.

For ourselves, we should be neither very much surprised nor very much disturbed if the rumour were true; and, though we should think it wiser and more honourable conduct if the other Treaty Powers put their foot down, we should not be surprised if they did not. Few nations keep treaties any longer than it suits them; but the entire indifference of Russia to her own undertakings is the merest commonplace of history. Very rarely has any Czar, any Czar's Minister, any Czar's general ever paid the slightest attention to his own or his master's engagements. There is scarcely a point where the Russian flag flies beyond the ancient borders of Russia to which it has not advanced in distinct unblushing breach of a pledge not to advance to that particular point. The thing is so well known that the political JOVE laughs indulgently, no doubt, at perjuries which are not the exception but the rule. On the other hand, incomprehensible as it seems that the lamb should draw up with the wolf, yet the liberality of Russia in greasing Pashas' palms, assisted by the quasi affinity and fellow-feeling between Oriental Turkey and semi-Oriental Russia as compared with the Western Powers, has constantly caused *rapprochements* between the two. The only point of real interest is what it behoves the other Powers to do. We do not see that it behoves them to do anything very much, except, of course, to insist that the new privilege, if it be real, is extended to all alike. The closing of the Dardanelles became very much of a farce when Russia was allowed by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE to tear up the only clause of the Treaty of Paris

which made it effective. So long as the ships were not there to come out, it was all very well that the Dardanelles should be closed against them. But if Russia is at liberty, as she now is, to build as big a fleet as she likes at Sebastopol, does anybody think that an impalpable understanding will bar the Dardanelles to that fleet? It will come out when it wants to come, when it is strong enough to come, and when there is nobody stronger at hand to beat it back. The SULTAN's firman is not necessary to let it out, and the SULTAN's forbidding is certainly not strong enough to keep it in. What there is at the back of the new arrangement, as reported, of insolence to other Powers, can be easily adjusted if those Powers choose. There are capital harbours in the North Ægean which would be a pleasant change from Villefranche and Venice, even from Malta and Gibraltar, to our Mediterranean fleet. For all the rest, what is the use of stretching parchment booms across a channel for ironclad rams?

MR. GLADSTONE'S "INFALLIBLE SYSTEM."

ONCE upon a time a general election was held to enable the electorate of the United Kingdom to pronounce judgment upon a question submitted to them by the Greatest of All English Statesmen, Past, Present, and to Come. And the electorate of the United Kingdom pronounced judgment thereon, and found that the Greatest of All English Statesmen, Past, Present, and to Come, had executed the most shameful of surrenders and put forward the most mischievously insane proposal that even he, the Greatest of all Statesmen as aforesaid, had executed and put forward in the whole course of his career; and a large majority of this electorate—to wit, the constituencies of Great Britain—emphasized their judgment as aforesaid by returning 374 opponents against 191 supporters of the Greatest of All English Statesmen, Past, Present, and to Come. Thereat was that illustrious man mightily chagrined; and he looked eagerly about for some sign that his fortunes would retrieve themselves. And in a short time after the defeat of the Great Statesman there were held three by-elections, and at two out of these three by-elections a supporter of the Great Statesman was returned to Parliament. Then was he exceeding joyful, and cried aloud and said, "Lo, here are Electoral Facts. It remaineth only to 'make use of them.'" And he called stoutly for COCKER'S Book of Arithmetic, and it was brought to him, and he opened it at "the Rule of Simple Proportion," and studied therein long and earnestly. And he arose and took unto him his tablets, and said, "Three elections have been 'held, and I have won two of them; and there are 567 'constituencies in Great Britain. So that the Rule of 'Three Sum, whereby the strength of my party after the 'next election may be computed, is as follows:—

" 3 : 2 :: 567 : 378.

" Wherefore it is clear that at the next election there will be " 378 representatives of British constituencies returned to " Parliament to support the Greatest of All English Statesmen, and only 189 sent there to oppose him."

But while he was musing joyfully on these things he was approached by a learned, accurate, and devoted Follower (same which he heard the story of Colonel DOPPING), and the learned, accurate, and devoted Follower said unto him:—"Master, you have postponed your calculations to too late " a date, and unnecessarily overburdened yourself with " statistics. Behold, I will show you a more excellent way. " The first of these three by-elections was decided in your " favour, and there is no need for further evidence. Your " sum in proportion should have been stated thus:—

" 1 : 1 :: 567 :: 567.

" So that you may repose for the rest of the present Parliament on the assurance that you will win every seat in " Great Britain at the next election." Then the Greatest of All English Statesmen was greatly moved, and thanked the learned, accurate, and devoted Follower from the bottom of his heart, and asked him whether he had been in Ireland lately, and whether agents were still threatening to fire unloaded rifles at boys, "in the strictest sense of " the word," in that distressful country. And then he retired to his library, and went carefully through the figures again, especially those of the second Rule of Three Sum; and, having found them perfectly correct, embodied them in an article for the *Nineteenth Century*.

This account of the matter does not, of course, pretend to more than allegorical truth, and we have, we admit, no historical warrant for saying that Mr. GLADSTONE had the assistance of Professor STUART in his calculations. That is merely a conjecture suggested by the unimpeachable accuracy of the facts with which Mr. GLADSTONE has on this occasion been supplied. But the allegorical truth of the above narrative is, we submit, complete. It only slightly heightens—we decline to say that it caricatures—the admission made by Mr. GLADSTONE himself on the second page of his article on "Electoral Facts" in the current number of the periodical also referred to. "So early as in October 1887, "in the pages of this Review, it was shown, upon the "limited range of evidence then forthcoming, that, so far as "reliance might be placed upon that evidence, there would "probably be, upon any occasion supplied by a General "Election, a majority of not less than one hundred voices "in favour of the Irish cause." In other words, in a little over twelve months after the election of 1886, Mr. GLADSTONE thought it worth while to attempt to forecast, and possible to succeed in forecasting, the issue of an election in 1892, or 1893, from the result of the half a dozen or so of contests which had taken place in the course of a year. We have only carried this most ridiculous process one stage further, and imaginatively represented Mr. GLADSTONE as deducing his results from evidence of a slightly—but only a slightly—"more limited range" than that of the data which were then before him. The mere fact that he should have erected an hypothetical majority of a hundred on the basis of a year's by-elections is eloquent of the temper of mind which he brings to his arithmetical studies. It may be said, no doubt, that whatever the moral significance of this, it does not affect the substantial addition which every year has made to the foundations of the edifice, and that the electoral returns of five years form a more solid basis for Mr. GLADSTONE'S estimates than those of one year. No doubt they do; but that they supply him with anything like the data for the elaborate calculations in which he engages is a proposition which the widely varying results of his own various methods go of themselves a long way to refute. The singular part of the matter is that Mr. GLADSTONE'S belief in his own science of political meteorology does not seem to be in the least degree shaken by the bewildering variety of its informations. It appears to be all one to him that one method of calculation supplies him with a "future Liberal majority" of 46, that another yields him 53, a third 85, and a fourth 97. Nor, we dare say, will he be much discomposed by the correspondent of the *Times*, who has since pointed out to him that one peculiarity of his first method consists in reckoning more than twenty of his victories twice over, and that his first "majority," therefore, must be reduced from 46 to 22. He surveys this wealth of solutions of the electoral problem which he has to solve with just as much complacency as he reviews the result of his own calculation in 1878. In the "modest obscurity of a note" placed in the same inconspicuous position as the signature of the article, he informs us that in the above year he estimated the Liberal majority at from 56 to 90, and that it actually came out, such was the accuracy of his calculations, at more than double the smaller estimate, and half as much again as the larger. His idea seems to be that the concurrence of the four methods in gaining him a majority is of more importance than the extraordinary discrepancy in their indications of its amount. There might be something in this, if Mr. GLADSTONE could be sure of having exhausted all the possible modes of manipulating the figures; but, in the absence of any assurance to that effect, the mere fact that it is possible for one of his modes of manipulating them to give the answer 22, and for another to give it at 96, remains enough to discredit all of them alike in the judgment of any critic who prefers processes of reasoning to tricks of arithmetic.

But, among the many objections to Mr. GLADSTONE'S forecast of the electoral future from his collection of electoral facts, the shortest and simplest is that it is vitiated by that fundamental fallacy which underlies the "infallible "system" that ruins its inventor at the gambling table. It assumes that arithmetical conclusions, if accurate in theory, may be relied upon to verify themselves in practice within the limits of a certain fixed number of instances. The "punter" at Monte Carlo is perfectly right in holding that, if the red has won twenty times oftener than the black, the balance will in process of time redress itself by the black winning twenty more *coups* than the red. His error

—his disastrous error—consists in the assumption that this readjustment must necessarily occur before he has lost all his money by backing the colour in arrear. Mr. GLADSTONE uses his law of chances in a precisely analogous way. His arithmetical reasonings cannot possibly prove more than that an infinite number of elections would yield a certain proportion of Gladstonian to Unionist returns. But he treats them nevertheless as conclusively proving that the figures will come out in precisely these same proportions from a certain fixed number—to wit, 565—electoral *coups*. The confidence with which he holds this conviction is psychologically interesting, because it assists us to understand the sway which strong desire enables this fallacy to exercise over less acute and powerful minds. Mr. GLADSTONE does not happen to care about *roulette* and *trente et quarante*, and he does care very much indeed about the game of politics. He has no ambition to “break a bank,” but the one object of his life is to turn out the Unionist Government. And it is curious to note that, as regards the particular game in which his passions are engaged, he is as complete a slave to his “infallible system” as is any broken gamester now wandering out at elbows about the limited dominion of the Prince of MONACO.

DE PIRATICO INQUIREND.

“HOME to us,” says the wicked Frenchman in Mr. CLARK RUSSELL’S exceedingly agreeable *Frozen Pirate*, “means the Dry Tortugas.” It partly grieved and partly gladdened his interlocutor to think that, if M. JULES TASSARD arrived at the Dry Tortugas, he was very unlikely to find the friends he sought. But if we may accept the dictum of Mr. DE RUTZEN, police magistrate of Westminster (under the *egis* of which dictum all remarks here made and to be made are hereby placed), the modern Dry Tortugas lie somewhere Greenwich way—in 4 Paragon Mews, New Kent Road. An omnibus proprietor—to whom, we trust, Mr. DE RUTZEN did an injustice—lives *dans ces parages*, in these Paragon Mews, and—still according to the magistrate—he sallied therefrom with intent to prey upon guileless Americans. Four persons of that nation—a gentleman and three ladies—travelled with this pirate bold from Charing Cross to Hyde Park Corner, and, on descending after this enormous journey, were charged a shilling each, the total being exactly double as much as an obliging cabman would have been proud to convey them for. The modern MAGNUS TROIL and the modern BRENDA and MINNA (with another who may have been CLAUD HALCRO in petticoats) were not, however, satisfied with the very moderate ransom. They summoned the police, and the police summoned the pirate, and complained that he had unlawfully neglected to keep distinctly and conspicuously painted a table of fares, as per section 7, chap. viii., 6 & 7 Vict.; in other words, he had not displayed the death’s head and cross bones, and so had not, as BUNYAN would say, put himself under the laws intended for the protection of pirates. This, however, it turned out was exactly what he *had* done. There was “an easily removable board fixed by a button over the ordinary fare table in the omnibus, and stating that the fare to Kew was eightpence, and any shorter distance a shilling”; in other words, the Jolly Roger was so constructed as to appear or disappear at pleasure above or below the Union Jack. This plea was supplemented by the further one, unworthy of the spacious times of BLACKBEARD and his likes, that the special fares “were charged for the short distances to keep room for those who wanted seats for the entire journey”—that, let us say, walking the plank had only been resorted to as a means of clearing the cabins for *bona-fide* passengers. Mr. DE RUTZEN seems to have neglected this subtlety; but on the main point, though he said the practice “was an opening for fraud, which he had no doubt had been in this case committed,” he decided that the *Fortune’s Favourite* of Paragon Mews had complied with the Act, granting, however, a case to the police.

Certain persons have made uncomplimentary remarks on this decision, forgetting that, if even BLACKBEARD plays the game, BLACKBEARD must take the stakes. It will, however, not be a bad thing if it opens up the whole question of “pirate” omnibuses, which are alleged to ply the fair trade in rather curious and audacious manners. This particular instance may, of course, or may not, be one such—we simply follow Mr. DE RUTZEN; but, unless

common fame is more than usually a common liar, there certainly are omnibus men who are not actuated by the mere desire to put long-distance passengers in a better position than others. Omnibuses, it may be, are not much patronized by male persons who occupy the middle stage of life and livelihood. They do not go quick enough, and they are too miscellaneous. Man is proud, hurried, unsociable, reckless of such money as he possesses. But they are useful to the impecunious; they are strangely beloved by members of the other sex, for reasons which if it be lawful it is unnecessary to mention; and they have sometimes been favourite resorts of aged persons of genius—notably Mr. CARLYLE and M. VICTOR HUGO. All these are classes eminently to be protected, and apparently they are in great need of protection. It is monstrous that the young, the fair, the gifted, the stranger, should not be able to descend Pica-dilly, and look into our Parks, our club windows, and the emporiums of our trade without a shilling going bang at the end of the journey. Besides, when the Companies were driven off the field the other day, and the streets of London became a sort of earthly paradise, the pirates for the most part continued, and played the part of SATAN in that Eden. Therefore, as was said on a famous occasion, they deserve hanging for something else, and so they should swing. Of course, the particular *Fortune’s Favourite* which requisitioned the Yankees may, as we have said, be a wronged craft; but we hope that Sir EDWARD BRADFORD will be able to better the already good record of his commissionership by obtaining a case in this instance, taking it to the necessary authorities, and getting the pirates who have no good reasons to offer stopped in their career.

THE LAST OF NEW TIPPERARY.

WE do not for a moment suppose that the audacious complacency with which Mr. O’BRIEN has been surveying the country which Mr. BALFOUR has pacified, and congratulating himself upon its tranquillity, will be one whit dashed by the pathetic letter which has been addressed by one of his victims to the *Times* from 10 Parnell Street, Tipperary. Others, however, will be able to compare the miserable story of the dupe with the insolent vaunts of the deceiver, and the comparison cannot fail to be instructive. Mr. JAMES CAREW need hardly, indeed, have troubled himself to contradict the assertion of Mr. O’BRIEN DALTON that the Tipperary tenants “went into the fight voluntarily.” There was never much misconception on that point in England from the very first, and latterly even the most bigoted of English believers in the spontaneity of this most manufactured movement have had their eyes opened. Nor was there any one ignorant of the part played in it by the high-souled Mr. O’BRIEN, upon whom more than upon any other man in Ireland rests the responsibility for the fate of these wretched pawns in the agitators’ game. The principal value of Mr. CAREW’S letter is in the clearness with which it brings home their share of the guilt to a body of men who have now obtained ascendancy in Ireland. On this part of the matter the truth is possibly not quite so well known as it should be, and it ought to be understood in England that, if the ruin of a once prosperous Irish town is traceable, in the first instance, to politicians like Mr. O’BRIEN and Mr. GILL, it is due in a hardly less important degree to those new allies of the English Nonconformist, the Catholic priesthood and prelacy of Ireland.

It is distinctly affirmed by the writer of this letter, and we see no reason to doubt either his judgment or his good faith, that the disastrous conflict in which the Tipperary tenants were involved with their landlord might have been arrested at the outset by the intervention of the Archbishop of CASHEL. “It was a lamentable state of things”—writes Mr. CAREW, describing the unhappy situation of these tenants, threatened with eviction on the one hand and the destruction of their homes and shops by Mr. O’BRIEN’S instruments on the other—“and particularly so when three words from our Archbishop would put a stop to it; who, instead of uttering these words, wrote a letter to Canon CAHILL expressive of the right of combination against combination, which letter augmented it more than all the speeches made, and that letter was posted week after week on dead walls for no other object.” Canon CAHILL’S share in the depopulation of Tipperary is pretty well known; but Mr. CAREW records an utterance of another—or we presume it to be another—“reverend

"gentleman" taking a prominent part in the transaction which deserves to be noted by Nonconformists gifted with the denominational "conscience." Asked by the writer whether he might not remain in possession, as his wife, "who lay speechless and paralysed," might die if removed, this decidedly "Roman father" of the people replied, "Let her die! Are you going to take the bribe from SMITH-BARRY?" And wife and husband had to go out with the rest.

"We have since lived," continues this unfortunate old man—he is, it appears, approaching eighty—"on what my 'goods realized after discharging some liabilities.' Money, it was said, came in great abundance from America, 'but we, the evicted tenants, got none of it.' Money was sunk in the William O'Brien Arcade, which now stands untenanted. All the people occupying business houses in New Tipperary have gone back to the old town except four. Among those four is, we presume, Mr. CAREW, who has no house in the old town to go back to, the premises having been handed over to the postal authorities for a post office. A more forlorn condition it is impossible to conceive, or one in sadder contrast with that of the peasantry whom Mr. BALFOUR's firm administration has rescued from the agitator and the boycotter, and whom Mr. O'BRIEN, the author of poor CAREW's ruin, has been lately contemplating with such smug self-satisfaction in the West of Ireland. We could ask for no more moving illustration of the difference between the happy results of good government and the detestable fruits of disorder and political intrigue. If Englishmen in general, of either political party, allow their attention to be distracted from it by the pretentious gabble which Mr. O'BRIEN has just poured forth for the edification of the English public, they must part company for ever with some of the healthiest and most characteristic qualities of their race.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE programme of the Church Congress, which is to meet at Rhyl in about a month's time, has been published and is a good one. There is something rather attractive in the idea of the garrison of the most disturbed and disaffected part of the Church's territory meeting under the generalship of such an excellent fighting leader as the Bishop of St. ASAPH. The subjects are well selected, and the list of speakers, if not extraordinarily distinguished, sufficient. That the first day is to be occupied by a Presidential address on the Church Revival in Wales and a discussion thereon, and by papers on the Church in relation to Nonconformists, shows that the trumpet is not to give an uncertain sound, while the omission of the subject of Tithes, which, if it is still a smouldering, ought to be no longer a burning one, is not only politic but becoming. Church Music ought to be at home in Wales, if anywhere. The more strictly abstract and devotional subjects are well chosen, and should interest a population to which metaphysics and meditation make hardly less appeal than music. Nor is the ancestral connexion of names with subjects wanting; for Mr. CECIL HOOK is to lead the discussion on that parochial system which, in a former generation, none did more to illustrate and organize than the most famous of the famous Vicars of Leeds.

Simultaneously, however, or almost simultaneously, with the putting forth of the programme, there have been put forth grumbles as to the frequency of Church Congresses, if not as to the existence of Church Congresses at all. Now, we are not disposed to look very harshly on such grumblers. They have on their side not merely the undoubted fact that much nonsense, and some very unseemly and deplorable nonsense, has been talked at Church Congresses, but also a feeling, which we ourselves very decidedly share, though it does not in this case take us as far as it takes them. This feeling is the very praiseworthy one that the Church of England should not show herself as in any sense a clapping and popularity-hunting Church, should not enter into competition with sectarians and "scientists," and suchlike folk (for it seems we may not say "cattle," and, indeed, we must apologize for having been betrayed, after the fashion of which both the late Lord DERRY and the late Lord PALMERSTON were accused, into speaking to the general as if we were speaking *ouvertoirs*). The Church, it appears to these persons, does not want platforms and picnics, tickets of membership, and gatherings of the clans. Nor does she.

But, whatever misgivings the original institution of these meetings may have excited, and whatever occasions they may have sometimes given to the enemy to blaspheme, we think that there can be little doubt that they have on the whole done good. They have to a certain extent prevented the continuance among the clergy themselves of the dangerous feeling of party separation which undoubtedly did once prevail, if only on the principle which made Mr. THACKERAY say that it was no use quarrelling with a man whom he should have to meet at dinner next week. And they have given a legitimate and useful occasion for the combined action of clergy and laity. We are no wise disposed, as we lately showed, to approve indiscriminately attempts at such combinations, but the Congress form is as little objectionable as any. It seems, indeed, to provide for those who like it (of course those who do not have but to stay away) a nexus between the two which, supplemented by diocesan conferences and the like, gives harmless opportunity to harmless activity, and prevents the dangerous apathy and donthingism which had such disastrous results in the last century and the early part of this. In short, we should justify these Congresses partly as useful motors, but still more as useful safety-valves. And if this does not satisfy their most fervent admirers, they must at least admit that it is a long way from the view of those who decry them altogether.

OLD LIBERALISM AND NEW CONSERVATISM.

LORD CADOGAN must have expected, we imagine, that the review of the Ministerial position and policy which occupied most of his speech at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast the other night would expose him to a certain amount of cheap satire. That, of course, having regard to the quarter it comes from, does not in itself raise the slightest presumption that Lord CADOGAN's remarks were otherwise than sensible and sound. And undoubtedly the particular declaration over which the Radical commentator rises to his wittiest is, in the sense in which the speaker plainly intended it to be taken, a statement of the most obvious political fact. When Lord CADOGAN admits Lord HERSCHELL's soft impeachment, and confesses that the "Conservatism of to-day is the Liberalism of yesterday," he is enunciating a proposition which, properly understood, a Conservative of to-day has exactly as much or as little reason to be ashamed of admitting as he has to be ashamed of taking part in politics at all. What meaning, indeed, can be attached to the word Conservative by the Radical who jeers at this avowal, or what he even supposes to be the etymology of the party names, we are at a loss to imagine. If the party who seek to conserve all that they deem valuable in the institutions of their country are not to throw up the game in disgust, whenever anything they value is irrecoverably swept away, and something they dislike irremovably substituted for it, why, they have obviously no choice but to strive for the conservation of those institutions as they exist for the time being. And to the extent of their efforts to conserve the undesirable additions and alterations aforesaid, along with the parts from which it has become impossible to detach them, it will unquestionably be true that the Conservatism of to-day is the Liberalism of yesterday. But until it is universally agreed that an antiquarian who strives to protect a venerable building—tasteless "restorations" and all—from further mischief is false to his principles, we shall not consider it a reproach to the Conservatism of to-day to defend work which was done by the Liberals of yesterday. There is no choice between that and the suicidal policy of standing aside, allowing the whole edifice to be restored out of recognition, and perhaps into instability, by the successors of the men who have disfigured it already.

We have no doubt that this is all that Lord CADOGAN meant; but if it is not it ought to be, for it is the only sense in which the proposition we have quoted can be safely or creditably affirmed. The "Old Liberalism" which Lord CADOGAN avows having adopted should be no more than a short name for those "accomplished facts" of politics which were brought about by the Liberalism of a former day. If it means that there is a set of principles which were professed by Liberals formerly, and may be legitimately accepted by Conservatives now, it is a proposition which we are not at all prepared to admit, and which, before admitting it, we should certainly invite Lord CADOGAN to illustrate. What, as seen in concrete examples, is that Old

Liberalism which the Conservative of to-day may blamelessly adopt! The inquiry is not answered by saying that "the questions of education, of public health, of artisans' dwellings, of local government—all of which had been dealt with by the Government—come within the old and time-honoured term of Liberal." Yes; but they come equally within the old and time-honoured term of Conservative also. They belong all of them to the business of governing and legislating, with which no party in any civilized State, whether it calls itself Liberal or Conservative—if we except, perhaps, a certain small and now almost extinct sect of ultra *laissez-faire* doctrinaires—can pretend that it has no concern. The difference between the two parties lies, not in the one being willing and the other unwilling to deal with these questions, but in their respective views as to the way in which they ought to be dealt with. And in these views there is a fundamental divergence which springs from distinction of human character and temperament, and is in no way modified, or ever likely to be modified, by the lapse of time. The Conservative who feels it undergoing such modification in his own case had better examine himself diligently to ascertain whether what he supposes to be an insensible absorption of Old Liberalism is not an unconscious desire to outbid New Radicalism.

OUR OLD FRIEND WOAD.

IN Gladstonian hours of expansion, when weapons of war are laid aside and comparison of men and things is made uncontentiously between friends, Lord HERSCHELL is wont to play a not unobtrusive part. "It is all very well," the unregenerate is told, "for you to depreciate us; but you must make some exceptions. We don't expect you to admire Mr. GLADSTONE, he is too great and good for you; we don't expect you to admire Sir ———, for we don't ourselves; Mr. ——— is an excellent Academician, if you like; Lord ——— would be at least as well placed on your side as on ours; Lord ——— is a respectable nincompoop who is very useful to us, and so on, and so on. But what do you say to, for instance, Lord HERSCHELL?" What to say to Lord HERSCHELL has just been supplied very agreeably by Lord HERSCHELL himself in an address to the people of Swansea. It seems that Lord HERSCHELL has sometimes been asked "why he is a Liberal." The first answer which he gives, "because it never occurred to me to be anything else," is the least thing in the world ambiguous. We are disposed to believe that a vast number of people belong to the political party to which they do belong because it never occurred to them to be anything else. But Lord HERSCHELL left us not, neither his hearers, in this unpleasant doubt. In "thinking and pondering" and meditating on the history of his native country, "especially during the present century," he seemed to see that "the Liberals had been almost invariably in the right." This also may seem to be not exactly an exclusive or peculiar privilege of Liberals, for most parties think themselves to be and have been in the right. But Lord HERSCHELL, to do him justice, is a lawyer, and guarded this point. The Liberals, it seems, "have been deemed to be in the right by intelligent men of whatever political creed." Prove this, of course, and the fight is over. How does Lord HERSCHELL prove it? He proves it thus:—Tories objected to Catholic Emancipation, and there is now a Tory Catholic Home Secretary. Tories upheld Jewish disabilities, and "a member of that faith" holds an important position (here Lord HERSCHELL does not name) "in a Conservative administration." Therefore all intelligent men, of whatever political party, &c.

We contemplate this argument with a certain veneration. It is what we have ventured to call "our old friend woad"—the venerable contention that, if you are against reform of any kind, you ought to confine yourself to that elementary form of vestment, because the wisdom of the ancestors dispensed with coats and hosen and hats. But we own to a slight emotion of surprise at finding the argument in the mouth of a man whose combination of intelligence and honesty is an article of faith with Gladstonians, and certainly not to be lightly questioned by anti-Gladstonians. For an idler argument as it stands, or a more mischievous one if it is carried a little further, never entered into the head of wise-acre or the heart of attorney. Let us suppose for a moment that Lord HERSCHELL's principle were carried out, and that

all things that one political party had once opposed were taboo to the heirs of that party for ever. Whether political life would be possible for a day we leave to Lord HERSCHELL to determine. But there is much more than this to say. We had always thought (but perhaps this is a mere Tory delusion) that every man was entitled to the rights granted him by the existing law of England, no matter how these laws came into existence, and that it is every man's business to accord the same rights to others. How any man of common sense, any rational being, can say that the acceptance of the *Spartam quam nactus es* involves an endorsement of all the steps which have made the Sparta what it is, we at least are utterly unable to perceive. On Lord HERSCHELL's argument, a man must not cultivate the garden which an inundation has left him, lest he approve the acts of the men who cut the sluices; he must not after a revolution continue a citizen of his country, on pain of being considered *solidaire* with those who have caused it. The reverse, of course, is the case. You fight the fight of to-day on the field, with the weapons, for the causes of to-day, and you leave the past to itself, to history and to the study of those who are wise enough to perceive its lessons. Lord HERSCHELL and we ourselves may differ in opinion as to what those lessons are, and whether the ancestors of his party or of ours were right. But we certainly, as we have said, experience a mild surprise in seeing it advanced by so learned a pundit that the acceptance of an accomplished fact involves approval of the accomplishment, that obedience to the statute implies endorsement of the wisdom which passed it.

COSAS DE CHILE.—THE ROTO.

THE Roto is a rough writ large—and dangerous. The Hoodlum, and even the Larrikin, pale before him. He is a cross between one of the stubbornest and one of the fiercest races in the world, the Gallego and the Araucanian. Hence he is awkward to encounter. As an Englishman observed after due experience, you can knock him down, but he will get up again all the same. In his peaceful moments he will work, and work hard. His physical strength and powers of endurance are wonderful. The former he inherits from his Gallician ancestors, for the Conquistadores of Chili were a band recruited almost wholly from that province which supplies Spain with her water-carriers and porters. The latter is derived from the Indians whom they exterminated in their efforts to subdue them. But these first settlers brought no wives with them, and as a result ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Chilean flock are marked with the smear of the tar-brush, or, more properly speaking, of the ruddle-pot. Stoked with nitrogenous food, the *perrotos* or beans that are the staple diet of the workers throughout the country, supplemented by beef and maize, he gets through work impossible even to an Englishman. The tasks accomplished on wharves and quays would dumbfounder a London dock-labourer, and those in mines would astound even a Northumbrian or a Cornishman. The members of the Gremio, or guild of labourers, in Tarapaca are bound to carry a sack of nitrate weighing nearly three hundredweight at a trot, if the distance they have to cover between the bodega and the lighter be under a hundred yards, and this rate they keep up all day. But it is all piecework, and when the roto gets his wages, he is never satisfied till he has squandered the last centavo in drink. Not till then will he put his hand to work again. Hence all large employers have introduced a gigantic truck system to enable him to keep from starving before the next monthly or fortnightly pay-day comes round, and at the same time get good work out of him by keeping his strength up. He draws tickets entitling him to food as against work done.

The rough in general is usually found to perfection in a seaport. Valparaiso is a seaport, and there the roto duly flourishes. He is to be seen fighting on the quays, dealing swinging round-handed blows, imitated from British sailors, out of sheer animal pugnacity. Fighting, drinking, and dancing the *cueca* are his sole amusements. But in more serious quarrel out comes the corvo, a curved blade—the pruning-knife of the earlier settlers—which he carries in a sheath in his trousers pocket. With the inner cutting edge he slashes down the face or rips up the belly of his opponent. In battle he will throw aside rifle and bayonet, at close quarters, to charge home with the corvo; for, to do him justice, he is one of the most reckless fighters in the world, and knows as little of fear as he does of mercy. During the Peruvian campaign, when towns were captured and looted, drunken Chilean soldiers would shoot

at one another down streets lit up by the flames from the houses they had set fire to. All for fun—*para divertirse*. If mounted, the roto has a trick of suddenly urging his horse against that of an unsuspecting stranger, and bowling him over for sport or pillage. Or he will draw close under some pretext, knock him out of the saddle by a blow from his fist, and gallop off rejoicing. This is a common diversion of his on the roads leading out of Valparaiso, especially if he can catch a foreign sailor on horseback. Sometimes he hunts in twos and threes, and is all the more dangerous. So on the Pampas there is a standing caution if you are asked for a light or the time of day by a mounted stranger, to unbutton your revolver holster before holding out your cigar or looking at your watch.

For ten years past the roto has been making his influence felt more and more throughout Chili. The close of the war with Peru let loose a number of men who had tasted the fierce joys of military discipline and the delights of free quarters in an enemy's country, and who carried the impressions thus received into private life at home. From Valdivia in the south, where the homesteads of the foreign settlers, lured over by the fables of immigration agents, were pillaged under their owners' noses, to Tarapaca in the north, where there was a *mot d'ordre* that no Englishman should venture abroad from his oficina without a revolver, the result was felt. At Santiago two years back nocturnal assaults were, if the phrase may be permitted, of daily occurrence. Visitors were warned never to ride alone in a chance hired cab at night unless they were well acquainted with the route it ought to follow. Several who neglected this advice were driven to lonely suburbs, and there set upon and pillaged by a gang of rotos in league with the driver. Under favouring circumstances, the roto readily develops into the full-blown bandit. Then he becomes absolutely fiendish, and shows clearly the savage strain running in his veins. Chichero's exploits are still famous on the northern pampas. Up to last year the stains of the blood of Ivel the Cornishman, whom he killed just *pour se faire la main*, were shown on the floor of the solitary dwelling-house at Lagunas. Once when chased he shot down the two foremost of his pursuers, and used the body of one as a seat, and that of the other as a table, for a hasty meal, from which he was only driven off by the approach of the rest of the party.

Writers who have been congratulating Chili on the close of her troubles should realize that, like the eternally youthful bear, she has her troubles to come. Amongst them is the solution of the political problem presented by the roto. Future revolutions, as has just been shown, will have to count with him, and under the present spell of successful revolt he will be a factor of no common importance in their development, whether with the rifle or the voting-paper. The hold of the great landowners on the masses, due to the pressure brought to bear on these latter under the atrocious *inquilino* system—a survival of the *corvée*—is daily slackening. The semi-feudal devotion and dependence that has lingered in the remoter districts of the Republic is decaying in the presence of improved means of communication, and of that spread of education which Balmaceda's bitterest opponents must acknowledge he did much to foster. It looks as though the future of Chili must rest in no small measure in the hands of those who burned and looted at Santiago and Valparaiso, who revived the atrocities of the Sepoy Mutiny at Coronel, and who mutilated the bodies of fallen foes on the battlefield with the brutal zest of the semi-savages they are. Scratch the roto and you find the Indian.

THE GLORIANA AND HER CLASS.

THE interest of the recent season of yacht-racing in America centred in the new class of 46-footers. It is generally known among yacht-racing experts in England, but perhaps not among others who take pleasure in observing marine sports, that in the United States yachts are classified for racing not by their tonnage, but by their load-water line length. Indeed, tonnage plays so small a part in American yachting that very few yachtsmen on the other side of the Atlantic have any knowledge of the tonnage of the vessels with which their own are in constant competition. Last year the interest in American yacht-racing was confined to the 40-foot class, composed of yachts measuring between 35 and 40 feet on the waterline. The splendid series of contests between the *Gossoon* and the *Minerva* will always remain on record as one of the brightest pages in American yachting annals. It is a page to which Britons can refer with pride, for the *Minerva* finished the season at the head of her class. This year the enthusiasts in America decided to try a larger class, and thus originated the new boats, ranging between 40 and 46 feet on the waterline. The purpose of the designers and builders on the other side of the Atlantic appears to have been to give their

vessels great power, as may be seen by the following table of dimensions:—

	Length over all	Waterline length	Beam	Draught
	ft.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
Beatrice	61	45 9	16 1	7 6
Oweene	63	45 9	13 4	11 3
Mineola	62	45 10	13 10	10 5
Sayonara	60	45 9	12 6	10 6
Nautilus	62	45 6	13 5	10 2
Gloriana	70	45 3	13 0	10 2
Barbara	63	45 9	13 0	11 8
Uvira	59	42 6	11 3	8 10½

The *Beatrice* is a centre-board yacht, which accounts for the difference between her beam and draught and those of the others in her class. She, as well as the *Oweene*, *Mineola*, and *Sayonara*, was designed by the late Edward Burgess, designer of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*. The *Nautilus* was designed by H. T. Wintringham, and the *Gloriana* by N. G. Herreshoff. The dimensions of the five boats *Barbara* and *Uvira* are given for the sake of comparison, and because they have sailed in most of the 46-foot races in America this year. Up to August 18, when the racing season in America practically came to an end, the 46-foot class had competed in twenty-six races. The *Gloriana* was never beaten, and she showed from the beginning that she could outfoot and outpoint all her rivals.

She began her career on June 16, when she made her first appearance in New York waters as one of the starters in the annual regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club. The course of this Club is practically the same as that of the other New York clubs—from Buoy 18, off Owl's Head, inside the Narrows, around the South-west Spit, around the Sandy Hook lightvessel, and return over the same course. The *Gloriana's* competitors were the *Nautilus*, *Jessica*, and *Mineola*. She fairly ran away from them, winning by over ten minutes. On June 18 the *Gloriana* started in the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club with the *Jessica*, *Nautilus*, and *Mineola*. The last-named yacht sprang her mast, and retired. The race was sailed in a fresh breeze of twenty-five miles an hour from the east-north-east and in a lumpy sea. The *Gloriana* carried her canvas handsomely, and proved herself an able sea-boat. She beat the *Jessica* by 7 mins. 13 secs. and the *Nautilus* by 13 mins. 19 secs.

On June 20 the same trio met again in the annual race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club over the same course. The wind was light from the southward at the start, and afterward was steady from the south-east. The race was sailed in slow time, the yachts taking nearly five and a half hours to do the thirty-eight miles. The *Gloriana* won, defeating the *Nautilus* by 5 mins. 13 secs. and the *Jessica* by 14 mins. Up to this time the *Gloriana* had not met any of the Burgess forty-sixes, and the cry flew from Boston to New York, "You will tell a different story when you meet our new boats." Though the *Gloriana* was designed and built at Bristol, Rhode Island, she is owned by Vice-Commodore E. D. Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, and hence is regarded as a New York boat. The Bostonians, who had come to regard the Burgess designs as invincible, looked upon her with unfavouring eyes. On June 22, in the annual regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, Bayard Thayer's Burgess 46-footer *Sayonara* appeared in New York waters, and met the *Gloriana* and *Jessica* in a good whole-sail breeze. The *Gloriana* beat the *Jessica* 9 mins. 15 secs., and the *Jessica* beat the *Sayonara* 2 mins. 46 secs. The Atlantic Yacht Club gave a special prize for the 46-footers on June 23, when they met again in a fresh north-west wind, which carried away the *Mineola's* topmast and put her out of the race. The *Gloriana* beat the *Sayonara* 6 mins. 18 secs., beat the *Jessica* 12 mins. 32 secs., and the *Nautilus* 13 mins. 33 secs.

The *Gloriana* did not compete in any of the daily runs of the New York Yacht Club's squadron on the annual cruise. She lay at anchor in the cove off Mr. Morgan's residence at Newport, and the owner made the cruise in his superb schooner *Constellation*. The *Gloriana*, however, appeared in the contest for the 500 dols. cup offered annually for sloops and cutters by Ogden Goelet. The race was sailed over the Block Island course off Newport, on August 7, in a good south-westerly wind and moderate sea. The course is a triangular one, the first leg on this occasion being to windward, the second a run with the wind on the quarter, and the third, a single-board close-hauled. The *Gloriana* won with the greatest ease, beating the *Sayonara* 23 mins. 56 secs., and *Barbara* by over 36 mins. The *Oweene* lost her topsail yard and did not finish. On August 13 a race was sailed at Newport for special prizes offered to this same class of yachts by the New York Yacht Club. The course was 12 miles to leeward (S.-W.) and return. The wind shifted at the outer mark, so that the

yachts were enabled to lay their course for the finish with the wind two points forward of the beam. From the start to the outer mark the breeze was very light. The result of these conditions was that the *Gloriana* narrowly escaped defeat, beating the *Sayonara* by only 28 secs. The *Uvira* won the third prize, with the *Mineola* third, and *Jessica* fourth.

It remained now for the *Gloriana* to meet the Burgess centre-board sloop, *Beatrice*, which had already won four out of five races against the other Boston yachts. The Corinthian Yacht Club of New York gave a special race for the 46-footers of Newport on August 18. The starters were *Gloriana*, *Oweene*, *Beatrice*, *Barbara*, *Sayonara*, *Jessica*, and *Mineola*. The race was sailed in a good breeze, as is shown by the fact that the slowest of the yachts covered the 38 miles in 4 hrs. and 20 mins. The *Gloriana* won handsomely, beating the *Oweene* 51 secs. actual time, and 1 min. 21 secs. corrected time. She beat the others as follows:—*Beatrice* 5 mins. 13 secs., *Barbara* 7 mins. 44 secs., *Sayonara* 9 mins. 58 secs., *Mineola* 13 mins. 36 secs., and *Jessica* 13 mins. 4 secs. This race brought her brilliant series of victories to a close.

Some enthusiastic American writers on yachting have expressed their conviction that the *Gloriana* is a "phenomenon." The figures do not bear out what we suppose they mean. They show that she is a very fast boat, and that she is several minutes faster than her rivals over a 40-mile course. On certain occasions other 46-footers have pressed her closely, and had she not appeared this season yachtsmen must have agreed in the opinion that *Beatrice*, *Sayonara*, and *Oweene* are admirable craft. The fact that all these 46-footers are sailing as fast as 60- and 70-foot yachts did ten years ago is something quite as remarkable as the especial superiority of the *Gloriana*.

Much has been written in America to show that in designing the *Gloriana* Herreshoff has produced a new type. It is true that the *Gloriana* is a new type, but she is the result of direct development. Her sheer plan is certainly an outgrowth of the *Thistle's* visit to the United States. She is cut away forward as the *Thistle* is, and her greatest draught is a few feet ahead of her sternpost. Her bow is longer than the *Thistle's* above water (in proportion to her size, of course), and there is no break in the line running from her gammon iron to her keel. She has no fore-foot at all, and this peculiarity gives her a strange appearance. Her sternpost shows less rake than those of the 40-footers built last year, and her fore-body is, perhaps, a trifle longer.

But the most important feature of the yacht is her waterlines. Her designer has discarded all concavity forward, thereby carrying out a line of development along which Mr. Burgess was certainly moving. The Burgess yachts of '85 show a decided concavity in their waterlines forward. The later boats of this designer, however, have approached straight lines. Mr. Herreshoff has simply returned to the old theory of convex lines, a movement which it seems likely Burgess would have made very soon if he had not been cut down by untimely death. The *Gloriana's* bows flare out strongly above the load-waterline, and in butting a sea she has a very fussy action, splashing the water out from under her lee-bow in clouds of spray fifty or sixty feet high. But, although this gives her the appearance of piling the water up in front of her, it really has no effect on her speed. She is so shallow forward that she seems to slide over the surface rather than cut through the seas. She carries twenty-three tons of lead in her keel, and her sail spread is 250 square feet greater than that of her nearest competitor in this particular.

MONEY MATTERS.

AT a meeting of bondholders on Monday the Uruguayan Debt compromise was approved, but the voting was by show of hands, so that the holder of a bond of the nominal value of 100*l.* had as effective a voice in the division as the representative of the holders of a million's worth. Probably in no other way could approval of the arrangement have been obtained, for there naturally is a very strong opposition to it. In the first place, only the External Debt of the Republic is dealt with; and, secondly, in the arrangement, as drawn up, not a word is said as to the existence or amount of the Internal Debt, or, strange to say, of the ability of Uruguay to fulfil the new terms into which she is about to enter. The plan itself, moreover, is quite as objectionable, from many points of view, as the absence of information on essential details. The whole External Debt consists, in the first place, of the Five per Cents, which themselves represent an older debt which years ago was amalgamated, the interest being reduced. The holders of these Five per Cents have a prior claim upon the Customs revenue of Uruguay. This is an important point, so far as the opposition to the new arrangement goes, as we shall see by-and-by. Secondly, the

External Debt consists of the Six per Cents of 1888, which were brought out by Messrs. Baring Bros. here in London. And, thirdly, it consists of the Six per Cents of last year, which were taken by Messrs. Baring Bros., but never issued to the public. These three debts together amount in round figures to a little under 16½ millions sterling. It is proposed now to create a new Unified Debt of 20½ millions sterling, bearing 3½ per cent. interest. The holders of the Five per Cents are offered 105*l.* of the new in exchange for every 100*l.* of the old Unified Debt. The holders of the Six per Cents of 1888 are offered 115*l.* of the new for every 100*l.* of the old bonds. And the holders of Messrs. Baring Bros.' last loan last year. It will be seen that the holders of the two Six per Cent. loans are treated more liberally than the holders of the Five per Cents. To this it may be answered that the interest on the two newer loans being larger than that on the old, the holders are entitled to better terms. But the holders of the Five per Cents object that they have a prior claim upon the Customs revenue, which is specially hypothecated to them, that they are asked to give up this claim and admit the holders of the two Six per Cent. loans to an equal position with themselves, and that if they agree to do this they ought to get a full equivalent in the new debt. The argument appears to us unimpeachable. Not only is the old Five per Cent. a representative of a much older debt, the interest on which had been reduced, but there is a distinct agreement of the Uruguayan Government hypothecating in the first place the Customs revenue to that debt. It is not surprising, then, that the holders of the old Five per Cents object strongly to the arrangement, and, in fact, as we have already said, they would probably have refused to approve it if the voting had been by proxy. We have seen that the three old loans together amount to a little under 16½ millions sterling, while the new debt is to amount to 20½ millions sterling. But we have also seen that the old debts get a certain premium as a consideration for the reduction of the interest from 5 per cent. in the one case, and 6 per cent. in the other two cases, to a uniform 3½ per cent. Allowing for this premium, there is an increase of somewhat over 2½ millions sterling in the debt. Of this sum 1,200,000*l.* is set aside for the construction of the Uruguay Western Railroad for account of the Government, leaving 1,169,000*l.* to be applied for the payment of arrears of railway guarantees up to the end of December next. As the amount of the arrears is not stated in the settlement, it would appear that no definite agreement has been arrived at as yet between the Government and the Companies in regard to those arrears; but it is to be presumed that the sum so set aside will be sufficient for satisfaction of the claims of the Companies. The guarantees at present promise the Companies 7 per cent. In future the interest is to be reduced to 3½ per cent. Assuming that there is a complete settlement arrived at between the Government and the Companies, and assuming further that there is no floating debt, or only a small one, the debt of Uruguay will, when the arrangement is carried into force, amount in the first place to 20½ millions sterling, and in the second place, the guarantees of the railways. The 20½ millions sterling at 3½ per cent. will require in interest alone 717,500*l.* per annum, and the guarantees to the railway Companies at 3½ per cent. will require 170,000*l.*; therefore, quite irrespective of any internal debt, the Government pledges itself to provide in the future 887,500*l.* sterling as interest for the debt and guarantees to the railways. And, to reassure the bondholders, it authorizes representatives of the Council of Foreign Bondholders to collect 45 per cent. of the Customs revenue and apply it to the payment of interest. If the 45 per cent. is not enough, the Government undertakes to make good the deficiency from the general revenues of the country. In the last place it pledges itself not to raise a fresh loan for three years in London. Now the bondholders have a right to be satisfied that Uruguay is able to pay 887,500*l.* every year, and yet, as we have said, there is not a single tittle of information produced to show whether the Republic is or is not able to do so. In the second place the bondholders have a right to full information as to the Customs revenue, but they get no such information. And, thirdly, we would ask, Why does not the Government pledge itself to raise no loan of any kind, instead of simply promising not to borrow in London for three years? Is it not possible that it may borrow on the Continent, and is it not still more probable that it will borrow at home? If it does, and runs up a large floating debt, is it not at least possible that it may come to the bondholders by-and-by with the allegation that it is unable to fulfil its engagements, and then ask for another reduction in interest? The arrangement, then, seems to us objectionable in every way. It would have been much better to have reduced the interest even further—say to 1 per cent.—for a while, gradually increasing it as Uruguay became more prosperous, until finally the full amount of interest was paid, if the State ever reached a position in which it could pay the full interest. But it is objectionable permanently,

and without assigning any reason, to cut down the whole interest upon the debt.

There is a decided advance this week in the value of money, due partly to the continued withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for Germany, but mainly to the belief that a large drain of the metal for the United States will begin before long. That such a drain is likely we have foreseen for a considerable time past, and we have urged again and again that bill-brokers and bankers would act wisely by preparing for it in time. But, as the supply of money in the open market in London was greatly in excess of the demand for the time being, bill-brokers and bankers either found themselves unable to act upon the dictates of sound judgment, or at all events were afraid of giving too much advantage to competitors. The rates of interest and discount have therefore been unduly low for a considerable time past. Even last week there was a check to the rise that had set in the week before, so keen was the competition of bill-brokers with one another. But now the upward movement is likely to go on. Before long, indeed, we may expect an advance in the Bank rate. The Treasury bills placed on Monday were taken at very little under 2 per cent., and the discount rate in the open market is rapidly approaching the Bank of England rate, and has been about 2½ per cent., easing a shade from that quotation.

The Silver market continues as inactive as ever. The great operators in the United States apparently are so absorbed in other matters that promise more immediate success that they have no time to give to the Silver market, and therefore business in New York is exceedingly slack. In London it is slacker still. In India the value of money is exceptionally low, the supply being unusually abundant; and the Continental demand for the metal is very small.

On Friday, Saturday, and Monday the speculation in American Railroad securities upon the Stock Exchange assumed larger proportions than for a very long time past. Brokers report that there is a better demand now for American Railroad bonds than there has been for some years, and in the share market the general public is dealing much more freely. In the United States the speculation has greatly broadened. On Monday, for example, as many as 520,000 shares changed hands in New York, and on the following day the buying was unusually large in Philadelphia. In London, however, there has been a slight reaction, mainly caused by a sharp drop in Union Pacific shares, and later by rumours of damage to crops caused by frost. Many of those who had bought when prices were much lower could not resist the temptation to secure profits, and therefore there was large selling, while few cared to add to their holdings by additional buying. But the New York market till Tuesday continued strong, and the Philadelphian market was stronger than it has been for a long time. On Wednesday, however, there was a decline in New York, not unwelcome to many in London. The leaders of the market here did not believe that the rise would begin quite so soon, and they were incredulous as to its being carried so far. Therefore members of the Stock Exchange, speaking generally, did not supply themselves largely with stock, and some of them were quite unprovided. All along, therefore, since the speculation began there has been a strong desire on the part of many influential Stock Exchange members to see a reaction, so that they might buy on better terms, but the eagerness of the American public is so great for the time being that all attempts here to check the advance have hitherto been defeated, or at all events have only succeeded for a very short time.

The utter defeat of President Balmaceda has been followed, of course, by a very sharp rise in Chilean securities, not only in the National bonds but also in Nitrate securities. And South American securities generally have further advanced. Especially there has been a marked rise in Argentine Cédulas. As we have repeated so often, nothing is changed in the situation either in the Argentine Republic or Uruguay or Honduras or Guatemala, and the advance therefore is due purely to speculation. Investors would be wise therefore to be cautious how they commit themselves. It may be quite true, as speculators argue, that the fall in South American securities has been carried too far; but at the same time the crisis is not at an end, and nobody yet can tell what is the real value of any of those securities. In the Home Railway market the announcement of a dividend on Caledonian stock of 4 per cent. had a good influence. The dividend is higher considerably than the general market estimate. In the foreign markets the tendency is downward. Operators in Paris are still very confident, and they profess themselves able to prevent a serious fall; but, all the same, careful observers are convinced that prices must decline considerably. In the first place, there is a marked revival of political uneasiness, and that of itself is almost sure to check speculation, and even to discourage investment; secondly, the Continental money markets are likely to be very stringent by-and-bye. The harvest is not only deficient, but harvest time, so far, has been

unpropitious. In quantity and quality, therefore, the crops will leave much to be desired, and the imports from abroad will have to be exceedingly large. That means very large shipments of gold, a reduction of the supply of money, and very much higher rates. Besides all that, there is likely to be a falling off in trade, and at any moment the crises in Portugal, Spain, and Italy may grow acuter.

A correspondent objects to our statement of a fortnight ago that the holders of American Railroad securities find their property higher than for a year past, and he instances the prices of Milwaukee, Louisville and Nashville, and Union Pacific shares on the last Friday in August of last year and at the time of our writing. In strict accuracy our correspondent is right. Instead of "over a year" we ought to have said "for nearly a year"; but our correspondent takes three securities which have had exceptional experience. Union Pacific, for instance, fell from 53 at the end of April last to 33 a few weeks ago, on the fear that a receiver would be appointed; and Louisville and Nashville were depressed by the issue of new shares. Further, our correspondent by taking the end of August last year institutes a misleading comparison. Every careful observer knew that the wild speculation got up last year on the passing of the Silver Act could not last. And, though our correspondent tells us that he bought as an investor, not as a speculator, he was very unfortunate or very badly advised to buy at such a time. The spurt was purely temporary, and under any circumstances must be followed by a reaction. But just then the reaction was sure to be excessive, because every well-informed observer knew that the Argentine revolution would before long be followed by serious financial troubles in London. In any event our statement, if not literally correct in the case of every security, has been fully justified up to the present by the rise which has taken place since we wrote, and which is likely to continue for some time further.

The weather continues most unfavourable for harvesting. Much damage has been done by the gales and the rain, and, unless there is a very early change, it is feared that the harvest will be even worse than has hitherto been anticipated, for the quality will be damaged as well as the quantity reduced.

Some important changes have taken place in leading Stock Exchange securities during the past few days. The main feature has been the pronounced development of strength in the market for American Railroad shares followed by recovery in the foreign department, Home Railway stocks have been unsteady, and a revival in activity in some miscellaneous departments, especially in mining shares, is shown. Home Government funds have dropped, although the rates for carrying forward speculative engagements were extremely easy at the close of last week. The quotation is now ex the quarter's interest. Consols are again in the neighbourhood of 95. Silver securities have been extremely quiet, rupee issues showing no appreciable change. In the foreign department a weak tone was brought about by a mild degree of political apprehension, and rumours in Paris of a possible Russian loan, and an alleged project that Portugal contemplates scaling down the interest. Portuguese bonds fell to below 37, but have recovered to fractionally over 38. On balance there is a fall of about 1½. Spanish declined to 70½, but have more than regained the fall, closing 71½, an improvement of about ½. Other leading European Government issues show but little movement. Hungarian were depressed, but have recovered. Russian have advanced to 96½, and Egyptian and Turkish issues remain steady. South American Government issues have shown some considerable movements. Argentines have been especially enquired for. The Five per Cents, which a week ago were 63, have touched 67; and the Funded Bonds from 61 advanced to 68, losing only a fraction of the considerable rise. Argentine Provincial loans in some cases have risen 5 to 10, and Cédula descriptions have been 2 to 3 above the prices of a week ago. Uruguay bonds on the result of the meeting were carried up 2½, and have been unsteady since. There has been some inquiry for Mexican Government issues, the Six per Cents rising to 87½, or an improvement of 4. Chilean bonds, on the confirmation of news as to the success of the Congressional party, rose 10 to 12, and have only reacted 2 or 3 below the best points touched. In the Home Railway market the strong tone that has been observed for some weeks past has been followed by weakness, and fractional declines have taken place the last three or four days, bringing prices in the aggregate down 1 to 2 from recent top quotations. Two Scotch dividends have been announced, Caledonian distributing 4 per cent., against 5 per cent. on the same day last year, being better than the market expected; and the Glasgow South-Western Company pays 3½ per cent., in comparison with 4 per cent. The next dividend declaration will be that of the North British Company, the stocks of which have been in demand. Caledonian stock, on the dividend announcement, advanced 2,

but did not hold the whole of the rise. In the Southern department, Chatham issues have been in favour; but Brighton Deferred and South-Eastern Deferred have relapsed, the former stock recovering from the worst. South-Eastern Deferred touched 85½, and fell back to 83½. Canadian Railway securities have been adversely affected by the Revenue statement for July, both in respect of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk, and prices have receded 1 to 1½ for Grand Trunk Preference, and Canadian Pacific, after being very close to 90, fell back to 88½, recovering to 89. Business in the market for American shares is conducted on an enormous scale both here and in New York, and the important upward movement continued without more than a fractional set back until Tuesday this week, when there was a sharp relapse in Union Pacific shares, which from close to 45 declined and gave way, till on Thursday there were dealings at 40½. Louisvilles, at the best, have been 81½, reacting to 79½, and recovering near to 81. Milwaukee has been a firm market, with the price as high as 74, falling back to 72½, and advancing to 73 again. Erie descriptions have risen and maintained the rise, there being a quiet absorption of Preference stock on the expectation of a dividend for the first time for many years. Income bonds of the Atchison and Reading Companies have been absorbed, Reading Incomes being especially strong, and rising at one time to 67½.

The Austro-Hungarian Bank on Thursday raised its rate of discount from 4 to 5 per cent.

HANDICAPPING.

I.

IT would be an insult to any reader to suppose that he did not fully understand the meaning of a handicap; but we may perhaps be forgiven for saying that in the original "Hand-in-the-caps" two men matched their horses together, asked a friend to suggest their relative weights, and each put his hand, which contained half-a-crown, into a cap or a hat. Then the friend proposed the weights, and as soon as he had made the announcement the owners withdrew their hands and opened them. If they held half-crowns it was a sign of consent to the match, and if they were empty it showed non-consent. If one agreed to the match and the other did not, the former kept both the half-crowns; but if each agreed to the match the friend who had proposed the weights received the two half-crowns as a reward for his trouble. In later times pockets have taken the place of caps for this purpose, so far as matches are concerned; but in many handicaps more like a hundred than a couple of horses are concerned, and a publication of the weights, followed by acceptance or payment of a forfeit by the owner of every horse entered, is the recognized course of proceeding. The principle of handicapping, however, is the same, be the number of horses to be dealt with many or few, and it ought to consist in endeavouring to give every horse an equal chance; theoretically, therefore, if fifty horses of various merits were entered for a race, the handicapper should so apportion their weights that the whole fifty should pass the winning-post abreast in one gigantic dead-heat. Practically, if ten of them seem to be in the race at the distance, and five of them, carrying rather varying weights, finish within a couple of lengths of each other, it is an excellent handicap.

It will at once be obvious that dishonest persons would be likely to endeavour to mislead the handicapper. There is a popular impression that this is usually brought about by "pulling." Unquestionably horses are occasionally pulled, and when this is the case it is generally done before reaching the distance; but pulling is far from being the commonest method of concealing a horse's powers. To begin with, a bad start is a means oftener employed, and one which it is much easier to carry out without detection than regular pulling. Running a horse when he is not thoroughly trained is a yet commoner plan of concealment. Even if this is discovered, a trainer or owner can defend himself by saying that he only ran the horse just to see what he could do; in the case of a two-year-old he may profess to have started him only to get him accustomed to face a crowd; or he may pretend that he wishes "to run the horse into form." Another, and usually most successful device, is for an owner to run a horse, whose strong point he knows is speed, for a race a mile and a half in length, or to start one, which has been tried at home to be slow but a good stayer, for a five-furlong "sprint."

For these and other reasons, a handicapper's duties, if interesting and absorbing, are not altogether of a pleasant nature, and but few men are qualified to fulfil them. First and foremost, a handicapper ought to be a man of the strictest integrity. We remember an owner of horses saying to us, many years ago, "I said to —" — the lessee and handicapper of a certain race-

meeting—"I have sent horses for years to your meeting and I have never won a race." "Dear me, sir," he replied, "I am very sorry. There must have been some mistake. It shall be seen to." Well, I sent two horses to his next meeting, and won a handicap with each of them." For a handicapper to treat matters in such a way is practical, but abominable, and it is to be hoped that practices of this sort have become obsolete. A handicapper ought not even to yield to the temptation of dealing hardly with horses belonging to men of questionable reputation, unless he has reasons for believing that the true form of those particular horses has been unfairly concealed; nor may he legitimately indulge the wish to "see a good horse win" rather than a bad one. Unless he does all he can to put the worst horse in the race on an exact equality with the best, he has not made a fair handicap. As to betting, it is best left alone by a handicapper, and if he will bet, it should be in the smallest of sums. He ought to be a keen observer, a good judge of horses, a good judge of pace, and, perhaps above all, a good judge of men. His eyes and ears must be constantly open, and, although genial and agreeable, he must thoroughly understand the art of holding his tongue. He should hear all he can and believe no more than is pretty certain to be true; he must have a very retentive memory, a good head for figures, and businesslike habits. His temper should be imperturbable; but he must let it be understood that he will "stand no nonsense." Lastly, if he makes a blunder, he should be prepared to admit it. Everybody, we should think, must have felt respect for the witness, in a recent libel case, who made the manly statement:—"I made a very great mistake."

On arriving at a racecourse, the first thing the handicapper has to consider is the condition of the ground. Some horses run so much better on hard ground and others on soft, that if he were to make his calculations simply upon the results of races irrespectively of the "going" on each occasion, he would commit many errors. When the horses come out, he must carefully observe whether they look "fit," and it is essential that he should be a judge of condition. Then immediately after a race is the time for noticing which horses appear to have really been ridden out. Here, however, he may be led into pitfalls in the case of horses that are not thoroughly trained. Although he should not bet himself, he ought carefully to observe the state of the betting, as it is one of the chief tests of the intentions and expectations of owners. Yet, in these days, it does not invariably follow that, because a horse does not start a leading favourite, he has not been heavily backed. It is not only on the course that betting now takes place before comparatively insignificant races. The telegraphic tape has led to bookmakers in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and several other large towns doing a considerable business on small races immediately before they take place. The shrewd owner of a horse whose form has been concealed may, therefore, through his agents, back him in London and the provincial towns for a considerable amount without the fact being known on the racecourse; and, as the bookmakers absent from the meeting usually pay according to the officially-quoted betting on the course, the winner may possibly start an outsider, and nevertheless have been backed for a substantial sum. On this point, accordingly, the handicapper has to be on his guard. It is, of course, during the races themselves that he has most of all to exert his talents. He should be able to perceive with how much in hand a horse wins; for, as every one knows, he may win "in a canter by a head," or by two lengths with the last ounce taken out of him and the second horse catching him. Sometimes the real fight takes place in the last stride, and sometimes anywhere inside the distance. No less important is it to keep a sharp eye upon the beaten horses, and, as they are approaching the distance, the jockeys who cease "to ride" must be carefully watched. The habits and mannerisms of individual jockeys should also be ascertained, otherwise it will often be difficult to know when they are really "riding" and when they are not. When the race is over, and the handicapper has formed his opinions upon it, he must fix it in his memory, and not confuse it with others. As there are usually from six to eight races per day, this is not particularly easy. Unfortunately, the men gifted with these abilities have generally owned horses, betted heavily, been interested in certain stables, or been intimates in certain racing cliques, and for these reasons they are, or ought to be, ineligible as handicappers, be their integrity never so unimpeachable.

It is of the highest importance, again, that a handicapper should be a regular frequenter of races, in order that he may have opportunities of judging public form for himself. Now race-going is very expensive work. Famine prices are charged on such occasions at hotels; flymen are more exorbitant at races than anywhere else; the railway fares are very heavy, and many attendant expenses help to run up a large account. All this makes the temptation to stay away from meetings far from home very great, unless a hospitable friend

happens to live near them. The result of yielding to such a temptation would probably be that the handicapper, observing in his newspaper that at one of the unseen races Reading beat Writing by two lengths, and that 'Rithmetic was third, a length off, would handicap them accordingly; whereas, if he had been present, he would have seen that 'Rithmetic might easily have been second, and weighted him on, at least, an equality with Writing. Or it might be that, if he had seen the actual race, he would have noticed that Writing ran very wide at a turn, and that 'Rithmetic got shut in, and he might have come to the conclusion that in a true-run race any one of the three horses would be as likely to win as another. Then where a horse is badly beaten after making his own running, an allowance must be made; some authorities have put it at as much as 7 lbs. Let us put it at only 4 lbs., and imagine the following races. Black, White, and Brown run together at even weights. Brown is a very bad horse, takes no practical part in the contest, and may be dismissed from our notice. Black and White are respectively considered by their trainers to be a stayer and a non-stayer; accordingly the running is made at a strong pace with Black, while a waiting race is ridden with White. Inside the distance a rush is made with White, who just succeeds in getting up to Black and wins, after a hard struggle, by a head. Now, from simply reading the statement of this victory in the *Racing Calendar*, a handicapper might make White give Black a pound or two; whereas, in a larger field, where other horses would probably make the running, Black, on this form, should be able to give a couple of pounds to White. Yet, if Black were to be put into a large handicap 2 lbs. above White, his owner would say, "What is the meaning of this? Here is my horse actually made to give weight to White, although the only time they ever met White beat him. Was there ever anything so unfair?" Or, perhaps the handicapper puts the pair on even terms, and in a very hard-run race Black wins pretty easily. Strong remarks are then made by some newspaper correspondent upon this "extraordinary reversal of public form." Black's owner brings an action against the publisher of the journal, and heavy damages are awarded; but, all the same, people are generally left under the impression that the first race was not "Black's journey," and that he was "slipped" on the second occasion. The partiality of certain horses for particular courses has also to be taken into consideration. Some horses cannot run well down a hill; the loins and quarters of others are not strong enough for galloping up an ascent; while not a few are awkward at turns. Then, although there are exceptions, most horses run best at their own particular distances. Two horses, which it would take stones to bring together at two miles, might possibly be equal at five furlongs. Another point that handicappers have to bear in mind is that some horses run better when the scale of weights is high, and others when it is low. Theoretically, of course, the higher the scale the less is the influence of the same allowance of weight. For instance, when a horse carrying a welter weight of 12 st. gives 7 lbs. to an opponent, he is only placed at a disadvantage of one-twentyfourth of the weights; while, if he gives 7 lbs. when carrying 6 st., he is allowing one-twelfth of the weights. As 6 st. is now the lowest weight carried, a horse at 6 st., of course, could not give 7 lbs., but we take that weight for argument's sake. This theory does not always hold good in practice. There are great powerful horses which, when carrying 12 st., could give 21 lbs. to adversaries whom they could not beat, at even weights, when carrying 6 st. On the other hand, there are horses that are a stone better, relatively to other horses, at 6 st. than at 9 st. Consequently the chances of some of the competitors are greatly altered when the weights of a handicap are raised after the acceptances have been sent in. The 52nd Rule of Racing provides that "If, in a handicap for which there is a minor forfeit declared by a fixed time, the highest weight accepting was originally less than 9 st., it shall be raised to that weight, and the other acceptances equally." Two and a half years ago the weights for the Cesarewitch had to be raised 11 lbs. after the acceptances had been sent in, an alteration which must have affected various candidates very differently.

THE WEATHER.

THE rainy unsettled weather which we have experienced since early in July still continues. During the past week we have had a few fine days, and conditions were more hopeful on Friday and Saturday; but a fresh depression was approaching the West Coast of Ireland on Sunday, and showers and strong winds again became general. Temperature has continued decidedly low through the week; on Saturday night frost was registered at some of the Midland stations, and on Sunday morning low temperatures were reported from all over the country. In concluding our last report we noted the downpour in London on

Thursday (27th), and later accounts show that the rain on that day was very general both over our own islands and over France, 0.7 in. was registered in London, and 0.8 in. at Oxford; thunderstorms occurred at Scilly during the night, and the wind, which was fresh or strong in the Channel in the early part of the day, increased to a gale in the Straits of Dover in the afternoon and evening. Although heavy rain fell at Mullaghmore and Jersey on Friday, and there were thunderstorms reported from some of our stations, it was fair over the greater part of our islands and in many parts of the Continent; the sea continued rough in the Channel, with a gale at Hurst Castle. In London there were slight showers on Friday, but the sun shone brightly during the greater part of the day, and fine weather continued during Saturday and Sunday, a most agreeable change after the leaden skies which we have been accustomed to of late. On Saturday our reports tell us that there were severe thunderstorms at Constantinople, and 6.7 in. of rain were measured; but, although there were showers in various parts of Great Britain, the barometer was rising at all the coast stations, and the weather was improving very decidedly; during the night, however, a fresh fall of the barometer commenced in the West of Ireland and in the South-West of France. The weather continued fine over most parts of the kingdom on Sunday, but it became dull and unsettled in the West, with considerable rain in Ireland and Wales, and there were thunderstorms at Biarritz and Lyons. On Monday a deep depression spread over our islands from the westward, and there was rain at nearly all stations, the largest amount registered being 1.2 in. at Sumburgh Head; the wind increased to a gale at Valencia Island, and it was rough on the western and northern coasts. On Tuesday morning this depression was lying off the West of Scotland, and the wind was strong to a gale, with squally and showery weather over the whole of the United Kingdom. As the day advanced the depression moved slowly northward, with a rising barometer in the west and north; the wind, however, continued to blow with the force of a gale on many parts of the coast. There was great improvement in the weather on Wednesday; the gales had subsided, and it was fair over the greater part of our islands.

VOICES.

THE dog's bark is said to be an imitation of man's talk, and assuredly a dog, with his nods and becks and wreathed smiles in addition to bark-variations, can make himself readily understood by his master. But it is the voice rather than the speech on which we insist as a human characteristic, or perhaps as an individual characteristic, for even in the stage voice, however disguised, there runs a tone which betrays the speaker, since the voice can only be disguised in certain ways. The vocal chords vary with each person in their power as well as in their shape or size, and they alter also according to the amount of use they undergo. Great and prolonged exertion in singing, for instance, has been known to lower the register. It is said by Dr. Delaunay that the better developed races have lower voices, and that the ancients had probably more acute voices than we have. Vocal chords have been compared to violin strings. Unfortunately violin strings do not shrink and expand at the will of the violinist, and the comparison has been dropped after leaving its mark in the name employed. The emission of sound from the throat is now believed to be somewhat the same as in the organ-reed.

Whatever may be the cause of the sound of the voice the result has never been accurately gauged, although ancient and modern literature abounds in references to the voice and its power over the hearer. How is that power to be explained? The phonograph croaks out a painful repetition of a voice confided to its care, but the result is startling rather than delightful. No sermon delivered by a phonograph, perhaps no speech of Mr. Gladstone's, could have the same moving effect on the listener as when originally delivered by the favourite preacher or famous orator. In fact, the suggestion of placing phonographic cylinders in automatic machines whereby a phrase or two of some celebrity's voice can be obtained by the irreverent penny, seems to show that this kind of voice is already regarded as an amusement for the vacant minds of the general public instead of as a record of value. It has the opposite defect of a striking portrait. A portrait may be so life-like as to remind the observer of the voice of the original—still he does not hear it; and the phonograph may reproduce the voice clearly enough to suggest to the listener the appearance of the original speaker—still he does not see it. Art and machinery strive in vain to be human. They are always just something else, perhaps above or below humanity, but not of it. When Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle held "the voice to be bodiless, for that it is not the air but a form in the air, and a superficies thereof, and that by a certain beating which

becometh a voice," they were on the track of the wave-motion theory of sound. By many scientific devices these motions have been rendered visible in lines and figures of great beauty and symmetry. Those formed by Professor Tyndall and by Professor Sedley Taylor are so exquisite in shape that they directly appeal to the sense of visual beauty in a parallel manner to the appeal of lovely sounds to the ear. This may well be counted a triumph of science. But in Mrs. Watts Hughes's delightful experiments with the movements caused by her voice in sand laid on the drum of the eidophone, we seem to catch a glimpse of art and science for once making common cause with Nature. By altering the tone of the note she alters the patterns formed. She can make the petals of a daisy sprout, and then sink back into the centre again, at her will. It is said that a word once spoken aloud is never lost in the air, but continues eddying through infinity. Perhaps the power of voices may lie in the wave-motions they set in action, which not only disturb aerial matter, but make heart and brain and soul respond to their effect with influences not always lost. Science may some day explain why a voice, in speaking or singing, has such ineffable witchcraft about it that none can hear it unmoved. We may bear unknown flowers of sound within us, moral and mental phonograms which reproduce

The sound of a voice that is still

without further material assistance. And this may be the origin of the recognition of people by their voices. The same wave-motion is formed and finds its place already prepared.

Besides the potent and spiritual effect of voices, they have a real and practical value as an index of character. The very phrase "a Babel of voices" recognizes that individuals have each their own way of speaking, as widely different as if they used foreign tongues. Grave voices are considered to belong of necessity to men of gravity and intelligence; whilst flute-like sounds announce frivolity of temperament. Harsh voices indicate temper. These definitions are somewhat over-wide, and require themselves defining. A grave voice may just as often mean bad temper as intelligence, and it is by the tone rather than the kind of voice that passion or emotion is betrayed. A man of very clear intelligence has naturally a distinct mode of utterance, but if he should happen to be ruffled the tones will sharpen at the time the voice is used. Novelists call this rise of tone "a clear and cutting enunciation," but they consider it to be a sign of anger with every person, whereas it chiefly belongs to those who are intelligent by nature, nor does it depend on the amount of education or refinement they may possess. A curious little grittiness in the general suavity of a voice will warn the listener that storms of temper have often swept those vocal chords. The really harsh voice requires no further notice as, indeed, it speaks for itself. Flute-like tones are exceedingly rare, and belong properly to a happy disposition, including mental powers rather above the average, with a character at once gentle, cheerful, sociable, and faithful. But on account of their rarity and beauty the imitations are numerous. For there is a sort of passion amongst the average specimen of humanity to imitate something better than itself, and thereby to claim distinction. It therefore delights in speaking in reedy tones, as flute-like as can be managed by dire endeavour, especially where idleness gives the time and opportunity for display. There is a very peculiar ring in these imitations, which suggests that if they were submitted to scientific tests the wave-motions would be found to go all awry, and that not flowers but ill-grown weeds, not curves but jagged edges, would be formed. On the other hand, some voices might be described as empty, as they have neither volume of sound nor expression. An inveterate obstinacy of character is hidden under this harmless defect. A modern variety not altogether uncommon amongst girls is a loud and very high voice with sudden low tones in it that mix as if melted into one, which is exceedingly characteristic, indicating genuine shallowness of character, together with recklessness and ambition. It appears to be caused by the conflicting interests of the speaker, as these qualities cannot live in the same person without internecine struggle. This kind may be described in Shakspeare's words as being "without any mitigation or remorse of voice." A woman's voice, being of high register, has properly a native tendency to softness and sweetness, though—it must be added—also to shrillness. The ideal feminine voice is—

Ever soft and low,
An excellent thing in women.

Her voice should be distinct and clear, two qualities indispensable to the perfect form. Like the voice of Milton's angel, who

In Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he awhile
Thought him still speaking,

it should have the specially musical tone that belongs to the purest perfection, and gives an extreme sweetness and the sort of

vitality that all music possesses of divine right. A clear tone carries the sound further with less noise, and avoids the shrill upper notes. Cicero recommends this intense distinctness to the orator,

Secans aëra, auribus sedens,

by which he evidently meant quality rather than quantity.

Each nation has its own kind of voice, doubtless owing to the climatic conditions which have affected the whole growth and development of the race. A point not enough noticed is, that as in each civilized nation some persons will be found who outwardly resemble the average members of another nation, these individuals will show a remarkable affection to the language of the nation they resemble, and will have the very tone and accent by nature that is required, besides being generally gifted with good mental powers. How this variation in a race may come about must be left for ethnologists to decide. Perhaps these members are the unconscious peacemakers between the Babel-sundered nations. From this fact the following curious result is seen. Whatever nation a man most strongly resembles, it is that nation's language he will speak the best, whether it be his native tongue or not. In the case of mixed descent, a real aptitude for the languages of the different ancestral races will be found amongst such of the descendants as may chance to be intelligent, and the resemblance to one of his progenitors will show at once which is the best known language. A further strange instance of the power of the human voice in affecting the face can be noticed here. A man of unmixed descent, who is clever and has a talent for languages, will not fail to learn whatever language he chooses, although he will find those most difficult which are most illogical in construction, whether they resemble his native tongue or not. He will in the process insensibly acquire a thoughtful expression of face, blending the characteristics of other nations with his own, entirely by the unconscious harmony of the facial muscles with the languages used by turns. Another effect of the acquirement of foreign languages, both for speaking and reading, is a new fulness of voice, a richer and clearer tone, unless they have been attained in a merely superficial manner, in which case there will be instead a hardening of the vocal powers and a sort of blur in the voice.

When used in singing the voice has passed beyond the bounds of nature into the realms of art, and as such does not fully express the character. Mannerisms, style, and *timbre* are words fit to describe the effect, together with the usual mystic phrases of criticism and admiration. But in speaking, the character will assert itself through any superadded instruction in elocution, and through any alteration in the voice produced by the wear and tear of exertion. Many affectations are employed by nations and classes. Drawling, stammering, stuttering, lispings, are simply defects of the voice, which vary with each person according to their character. Amongst the lower classes the practice of bawling at one another as if they were deaf rasps and roughens the voices to an incredible degree. By the voice and its tones the nation, class, and occupation of the speaker can be discovered, his or her natural intelligence and cultivation, and last, not least, the strength of the passions and emotions. A really exquisite voice is rare, but where the emotions are stirred the tones of ordinary voices are changed into a passing beauty that is the constant theme of poets:—

I did hear you speak,
Far above singing; after you were gone
I asked my heart what stirr'd it so. Alas!
I found it love.

TENNIS.

IN the "Games" department of a popular market, there hangs (or did the other day) a curious coarse-strung bat of foreign workmanship, a thing of mystery to all good assistants, very "shop-worn" and totally disregarded. Now this despised article had no mystery for us, for we knew him on the moment for a tennis racket, and it was easy to see he bore the honoured name of the great French maker. But it is the fact that tennis rackets are not often to be seen on sale, and accordingly we commented on the unnatural phenomenon to the obliging assistant. "Oh, that!" said he, contemptuously, with a chuck of the head towards M. Brouaye. "Ah, but we never sell one. That's been hanging here two or three years. *It's a game, sir, that's never played.*" Indeed, it appeared he knew nothing about it; he had doubts, even, whether the game were played on grass at all!

The ignorance of the obliging assistant is possibly excusable, but his acquaintance with things as they are is really that of nine-tenths of the world. Tennis, the king of games, is hardly known at all. Once known, and known but slightly, it is the most fascinating pastime that ever was, of a delight that increases

with our studious attention. "Youth without good games is gloomier than age without whist," says Mr. Lyttelton. Well, we may play tennis from seventeen to sixty. Of what other game (save golf) can as much be said?

The common cry against tennis is its supposed enormous costliness. A man, they say, shall as well keep a yacht, or drive four-in-hand, as venture into a tennis-court. And it may not be denied that building is an expensive matter, though even this is no terrible extravagance to a fairly well-to-do man with the space to hand. It is easy to spend in a year or two on fancies for stables, kennels, flower culture, the humouring of trout, preserving, &c., scattered sums that would build a tennis-court. And the court built, all extraordinary outlay is at an end. You may spend as much, perhaps, taking year with year, as he of a properly tended lawn of three or four lawn-tennis courts. True, you will want a marker; but here you are in luck, for tennis-markers (not to be confounded with lawn-tennis markers, being men and no machines) are without question the most delightful of professional players of games. And a good man will keep everything in order. He will mend and re-make the balls, repair and string rackets, keep the netting of the openings and galleries free from rents, all this besides marking the game (and some players find a marker indispensable), playing, and teaching. And these manifold benefits you may expect from the average marker. If you are so lucky as to get such a one as ourselves could tell of (not that we will) you may reckon on every hour's play being as delightful as two, and on twenty years (at least) being added to your estimable existence.

So much for the private court. The expense of the various public or club courts varies. At Hampton Court the cost is supposed to be extremely moderate, comparatively, the result being that after a few visits a man thinks with alarm of what the bill may be elsewhere. Actually Hampton Court is fairly cheap only if you qualify as a member—i.e. if you pay a sum down of three guineas. The charge then is sixpence a set each player, which is equivalent to about three shillings an hour as the hire of the court. At the London clubs the charge to members is from four to five shillings an hour, to which, of course, must be added an annual subscription. You may play at most clubs as a non-member, but the charges are then higher—at Hampton Court just double the members' rate, in London at from six to seven and sixpence an hour. In the *Badminton* volume dealing with tennis Mr. Heathcote puts the annual cost of playing at a club, as a member, at from twenty-five to thirty pounds. This means regular play for three or four hours a week for nine or ten months in the year, and it includes club subscription, hire of court, and purchase and repair of rackets. These figures seem to us very reasonable, and it should be remembered that tennis, unlike cricket and some other sports, leads to very little outside expense. Unless it be an occasional refresher to an indefatigable marker (and perhaps indefatigable player) it is difficult to see where an indirect taxation can come in. As for the loss (?) of time which the endearing pursuit may engender, why it is clear no other game may compare with it. We scorn to instance the days and nights seized from Londoners who play cricket, golf, or row. It is enough to say that if the busiest, in the course of the week, cannot put in an hour or an hour and a half at a London tennis-court, the will and nothing else is wanting.

That the rules are monstrous and take one lifetime to master, while we want a second to learn to play, are two more objections oft-times weightily alleged. For our own part we think too much is made of the difficulty of the rules. No doubt they are less simple than those of lawn-tennis or rackets, but the "chase" principle is the only addition of moment and stumbling block. Now rackets is a game frankly of hard hitting, the only limit to the heroic exercise being humanity, and its unfortunate habit of tiring. At lawn-tennis if you hit out rashly you go easily beyond the narrow limits of the court. But at tennis out of court is out of the way, and to put a ball there is more the result of boggling than hitting heavily. So, but for the introduction of the chase, there would be little to check any natural tendency to lash out which we may have. You would have a fine game in a species of rackets over the net and head of your opponent against one or other of the end walls—a performance really to be seen occasionally when a very fiery and untrained player has an easy ball. But the divine chase puts a stop to all this, imposing its fine moral restraint, and making what would be otherwise a stupid display of hard hitting a game of skill and fine judgment; and this with plenty of hard hitting noways debarred. The name of the inventor of the glorious chase is lost in the obscurity of the middle ages; but we may fairly ascribe the achievement to a great mind. But it is only by being able to ponder upon the court with and the court without chase lines that the supreme beauty of the thing may be realized. To be thus eulogizing the abstract chase seems a strange matter; we confess it is more

common to dissemble our love. And, in truth, the beauty of chase lines lies little in sentiment; theirs is a charm eminently matter of fact, having nothing of the subtle pleasures of the winning gallery nor the plain and open triumph of the tambour.

There is no lack of good play among our professionals of today. In Pettitt and Saunders we have two heroes of great skill and ability playing very evenly in nicely contrasted styles. The general reader will not remember that Pettitt retained the championship of the world, after a severe match with Saunders last year. The affair occupied three days, and listening Europe sat anxious for the event. These championship meetings are not things of every day. First you must catch your champions, and, second, you must find a court. For the contending giants will commonly concede no quarter of an inch in respect of neutral ground, and the poor substitute of two matches, home and home, is not always practicable. The difficulty was solved last year by Lord Iveagh putting a new court, but just out of the builder's hands, at the service of the committee—a beautiful court of black marble attached to Lord Iveagh's house in Dublin. Pettitt won by seven sets to five, thus returning a second time triumphant to his adopted land—Boston, U.S.A., to wit. When he shall cross again he will find (the fates being willing) his antagonist, and that antagonist's admirers, quite ready for another struggle.

After Saunders we have two younger players, Peter Latham and Jimmy Fennell. The former of these is now some half fifteen the stronger, but both play an admirable game. Saunders endeavours to give them half thirty, but except in his own court at Prince's, he can do little against either on these terms. Indeed Fennell has beaten him at Lord's by three sets to one, one of the three being a love set, while Latham has won by three to one at Queen's and, conceding a bisque, by three to one at Lord's. It is true that Fennell is at home at Lord's and Latham at Queen's, but seeing that Saunders has played very frequently at Lord's, and was for a time professional at Queen's, he cannot claim to be as strange in these courts as Fennell and Latham are at Prince's. Saunders's strength as a player lies in his stroke, which is extremely hard and heavily cut, and his service. Service at tennis is a subject of far too grave an import to be touched upon here, but it may be just mentioned that Saunders is famous for two varieties, the *Giraffe* (served almost to the roof) and the *Drop*. This last is perhaps the most difficult service there is, and Saunders serves it to perfection. Latham is popularly supposed to have no service whatever, and no doubt for a player who can fairly claim to be in the first rank of tennis players, his service is singularly simple. But what he lacks in service he more than makes up for in return, for, with the possible exception of Pettitt, he has the most extraordinary power in this respect of any player of the day. He is extremely light and active, and exceedingly graceful. The apparent ease with which he picks up balls cut into the left-hand corner is a thing of mingled joy and despair to the amateur and onlooker. He is a very courteous player and patient teacher, and his growing success is very popular with his friends, of all degrees, at Queen's. Fennell, popularly known as Jimmy, is the most perfect tempered of players, and even through this season, when his health has not been quite the thing (being perhaps the cause of his dropping slightly behind Latham), he has played with as much gameness and good humour as ever. His style is extremely accurate, as well as graceful. He has not Latham's power of return, but he has more service, and quite as strong a stroke. A match between these two is not as a battle between Saunders and Mr. Lyttelton, but it is a most interesting and excellent exposition of tennis.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE production of *Ned's Chum*, at the Globe Theatre on Thursday night, last week, was an occasion of especial and peculiar interest, inasmuch as manager, author, and actor were combined in the same person, that person being moreover a popular novelist. To state the great objection to Mr. David Christie Murray's work comprehensively and at once, it is, as must have been expected, entirely a novelist's play. The scene is laid at Manawera, in New Zealand, the up-country cattle station of Mr. and Mrs. Brocklehurst, an English gentleman-farmer and his wife, with whom resides their niece, the young and wealthy widow of one Draycott, who may or may not have been a general in some force in the United States. She is the object of the affections of Ned Fellowes, the hero, Brocklehurst's manager. This young man has a history, for he has left England under circumstances of extreme suspicion—that is to say, he has paid off a sporting debt to an English nobleman in forged bank-notes. Although conscious of his innocence, he, with a degree of folly that must be excused, since without it we should have had no play, turns his back upon his accusers, and thus we find

him with the Brocklehursts. Now we begin to feel the force of the long arm of coincidence. Mrs. Draycott's departed husband, not to put too fine a point upon it, had been a swindler, and had left behind him on his death a written confession by which she learns that eight thousand pounds, a part of her fortune, is the result of a fraud. As a woman of sound principle, she determines to make restitution; but unluckily death has cut short the fulfilment of Draycott's last good resolution, and the name of the victim was never written. As a matter of fact, we may easily guess that Ned Fellowes was the person, but he is in ignorance of the fraud. Brocklehurst, in assisting Mrs. Draycott in her quest, pitches upon a private detective, Mr. Stuart Willoughby, whom he knows to have been an old acquaintance of General Draycott's, and who, in fact, was a confederate of the General and another scoundrel, "Square" Jack Furlong, not only in the eight-thousand-pound fraud, but in incriminating Fellowes in the matter of the forged banknotes. Altogether a pretty complication, but not yet complete, since Willoughby finds his way out to "Square" Jack, and endeavours to foist him on Mrs. Draycott as the object of her late husband's swindle and so gain possession of the restored money. Jack, thinking his claim to so large a sum sufficient to render him a *persona grata* to the widow, proposes to her, is indignantly rejected, provokes the intervention of Fellowes, and, in revenge, denounces the latter in respect of his supposed crime. Fellowes denies the accusation and Mrs. Draycott believes him; but he considers that, as a man of honour, he must abandon his suit to the widow and leave the place. Now we learn that Furlong has been engaged in litigation against Brocklehurst and obtained judgment for a sum so large that the latter has been compelled to borrow the amount from Mrs. Draycott. Mrs. Draycott is largely interested in the Great Expectations Gold Mine, as also is Furlong. A sudden rumour apprises the latter that the shares are worthless, and his liabilities in respect of them enormous. In his consternation he flies to Willoughby, who conceives an astute plan whereby to escape his difficulties. In accordance with this, he makes a sham profession of penitence to Brocklehurst, declares the judgment of the Court to have been wrong, and offers to make restitution, the medium being, of course, the worse than worthless shares. Brocklehurst accepts, and hands the scrip to Mrs. Draycott, in repayment of her loan to him. Then she learns the truth; but takes it with an equanimity that would be surprising were we not aware of her suspicion that Ned's silence on the subject of his love for her is due to her fortune. She is right in her surmise; for Ned, having cleared his character, arrives suddenly, proposes to her, and is accepted, just in time to find in his bride, not the penniless widow of General Draycott, but the owner of an incalculably rich property. The depreciatory rumours as to the mine, it seems, had been the work of the ingenious gentlemen who rig markets, and who rigged it on this occasion because its vast value made it desirable to get it into their own hands. It is not explained how they succeeded when the bulk of the shares, those held by Furlong and Mrs. Draycott, never got into the market at all. Now we get to the dramatic value of Ned's Chum. This is Harold, a youngster adopted by Ned. Between these two exists a tie of the strongest affection, often expressed, on the boy's part, in the most amusing fashion. Apart from his more ornamental functions, his purpose in the play is to overhear the two scoundrels chuckling over the success of their scheme. He says nothing until Mrs. Draycott is apparently involved in utter ruin; but he is also present when Furlong, on finding out his mistake, demands restitution of the shares. This being, as a matter of course, refused, Furlong fires at Fellowes, and the boy rushes forward to receive the shot. It began to look as though we were to have had an unwarrantably sad finish; but the wound was not dangerous, and the play was at an end. It has been necessary to deal in almost tedious detail with the plot in order to show the difficulties with which the author had to deal. The action of the play does not begin until Fellowes has been some time in New Zealand. The two frauds are matters of history which have to be explained, with the result that the progress of the drama is inevitably impeded. Add to this that the dialogue generally is diffuse, and it is not difficult to see why the play drags. On the other hand, the lines show the work of a man of literary culture. This would be excellent in a novel, and no less excellent in a play, if it were not made to do much which in a novel would take the shape of explanatory matter, and if it were slightly compressed. Again, the characterization is clear and vigorous. Both villains, Ned Fellowes, the boy Harold, and Mrs. Draycott are living people, sketched by no mere amateur hand. On the whole, then, Mr. Murray may be congratulated upon having written a play whose faults are but the reflection of literary virtues, and which gives the brightest hope of increased excellence in the future. For Mr. Murray the actor there is nothing but praise. It is matter for unqualified, but gratifying, surprise to find a gentleman highly accomplished in other arts

taking to this, the histrionic, literally as a duck takes to the water. His confidence, clearness, and vigour in the delineation of the part of Furlong stamp him as a natural actor of exceptional capacity. As Ned Fellowes, Mr. H. Reeves Smith acted in the pleasant, manly fashion in which he usually plays parts of the kind. Mr. Smith's method is unobtrusive, but it is thoroughly sound. Mr. David James junior worthily sustained the traditions of a popular name in the part of Willoughby, a remarkably clever sketch of a conventional Scottish character on the part of both author and actor. The child-actor, we need hardly repeat, is usually a thing of horror; but Master Leo Byrne, who played the boy Harold, is an exception to this almost universal rule. He delivered his lines with a clearness and firmness that, for once, were free from the shrill self-confidence generally so prone to set adult teeth on edge, and, best of all, he really was a boy, and not an immature prig. Mr. Arthur Wood, always a safe actor, represented Mr. Brocklehurst with discretion; and Miss Violet Raye gave intelligent effect to the author's idea of Mrs. Draycott.

Arrah-na-Pogue is one of the best, because one of the most characteristic, of the late Mr. Dion Bouicault's Irish comedies, and is even now capable of arousing public interest, irrespective of associations in the minds of the older generation of playgoers with the early exponents of the principal characters. So far as Saturday night's revival at the Princess's Theatre is concerned, Mr. Wilfred Shine made a merry, nonchalant Shaun; Miss Ella Terriss a charming Arrah. It was a most ambitious attempt on the part of so young and inexperienced an actress, but the result need give her no apprehension for the future. Mr. Henry Neville's lordly presence and sonorous voice lent fine effect to the part of Colonel O'Grady, and was in fine contrast to the quieter manner of Mr. Bassett Roe as Major Coffin. It is to Mr. Charles Ashford's credit that he did not shrink from emphasizing the repulsiveness of the informer Mr. Michael Feeney, and Mrs. John Carter must be commended for the purity of her brogue and general capacity in the part of Katti. Mr. Arthur Dacre was dignified and gentlemanlike as Beamish; but Nellie Power is a part which does not show Miss Amy Roselle's valuable qualities to advantage. If an enthusiastic first-night reception will make the fortune of a revival, that of *Arrah-na-Pogue* is assured.

Among minor productions of recent date, we must mention *Two in the Bush* at the New Olympic, chiefly remarkable in that it is the work of Mr. Murray Carson, the new lessee of that theatre, and although neither very novel nor perfect in construction, the writing is pleasant and graceful. *The Fiat of the Gods*, also, was lately produced at the Avenue Theatre for one night only, as a prelude to a performance of *Othello*, wherein the principal part was played by a Mr. Lion Margrave, a visitor from Australia. Of the latter performance it were kinder not to speak. Of the former play little need be said. It is a condensation by Mr. Leonard Outram of a larger work of his own called *Galba the Gladiator*, which in its turn is more or less indebted to a fifty-year-old French classical tragedy. *Houp La!* is now the first piece at the Comedy Theatre, and deserves mention on account of the conspicuously able caricature sketch given by Mr. Wyes of a sort of Circus Crummles, and a distinctly meritorious rendering of this person's daughter by Miss Jennie Dawson. At the Empire also a new ballet, *By the Sea*, displays considerable ingenuity in the adaptation of the humours of a popular seaside resort to its purpose. M. Wenzel's music, without aiming at originality, is appropriate and pleasing, and Mme. Katti Lanner's training of her children, both of greater and smaller growth, adds to the charm of many combinations of bright, various, and tasteful colour.

THE SPEAKER AND THE SPOUTER.

WHAT, sir? A demand arisen

For my tale of "Life in Prison"?

I to write on such a topic

Bursting with description tropic!

I with adjectives distended!

I amid this scenery splendid!

"Golden harvests," "royal heather,"

"Mellow distance," lovely weather

(Out they tumble, all together);

"Chimes and church bells," sounding alway

"Dreamy Spanish chants" through Galway;

Breezes curling streamlets purling,

While through mountain glens we're whirling,

And the picturesque "O'Flaherty

Country" smiles to greet our party;

"Loughs like ladies' mirrors laughing,"

"Highland air" at will, for quaffing,

"Loughs as black as Irish famines"

Look (till one the facts examines);

"Hills with gold and purple flooded,"
 Darker hills with thunder hooded,
 "Gaelic-lipping cherubs shoeless"
 Fit to sit to Mr. Oulless.
 "Flannel *baunyeens*," cabin thatches,
 "Marvellous" rock potato-patches—
 What? with sights like these around me,
 For an article you sound me?
 Never! I could do you wilder
 Stranger things than this; but weaker,
 Saner, plainer, meeker, milder—
 No! excuse me, Mr. Speaker!

Yet, could I but manage to limit my range,
 And adopt for a while the pedestrian pace,
 I should like to observe what a wonderful change,
 Since they sent me to gaol, has come over the place.

No longer policemen pursue us in cars,
 But we wander, my wife and myself, as we will;
 No more are we swept, like a couple of stars,
 By the telescope aimed from a neighbouring hill.

By the banks of Lough Mask as I pensively strayed
 (As a tourist resort it is second to none),
 I reflected how strangely its fortune was made
 When they murdered two bailiffs there, father and son.

Those commodious schools and that excellent road,
 Which so perfectly meets the inhabitants' need,
 I bethought me, with pride, that the neighbourhood owed
 To the "movement" which bred that regrettable deed.

And in all the sweet signs of contentment around,
 Which have grown up since I from the scene was removed,
 The triumphant success of my labours I found—
 And the failure of Balfour's—conclusively proved.

And if any one ventures my triumph to doubt,
 I would beg of him New Tipperary to view;
 But if that won't convince him, he'll hardly hold out
 Against yesterday's letter from Mr. Carew.

And then when he turns from that picture to this,
 To these prosperous farms from those desolate streets,
 He will notice a contrast, which no one can miss,
 'Twixt O'Brien's successes and Balfour's defeats.

REVIEWS.

SCOTLAND AND CELTIC STUDIES.*

THE minister of Tiree, the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell, has handed over his collection of Gaelic tales and poems to Lord Archibald Campbell for his series, and Mr. Nutt has published them in English and Gaelic, with an introduction. It is desirable to collect all these Gaelic fragments before the Oban newspaper becomes the sole literature of the isles, and Mr. Campbell is to be praised for preserving instead of discouraging ancient tradition. But it must not be concealed that the interest of these relics is esoteric, that it is more antiquarian and philological than literary. Mr. Nutt not unnaturally blames the academic world of Scotland for leaving Celtic matters to the Germans, and "neglecting its birthright." But the very few professors in Scotland who are concerned with literature are Englishmen (witness Mr. Jebb, Mr. Butcher, Mr. Murray, Mr. Goodhart), or are Lowlanders, and have no more Celtic "birth-right" than a Dutchman. Moreover, they are professors of Greek, and Latin, or of English, like Mr. Nichol and Mr. Bradley, and their own work, when conscientiously done, is quite sufficient. They have no business to go making amateur excursions among the Gaels. Mr. Blackie's invasions of Gaelic did not do very much, we presume, for Celtic philology. There is hardly any "academic world of Scotland"; there are no legions of scholars looking out for a speciality, as in Germany; there are no such fellowships as in the English universities, and, to the best of our belief, there is only one Celtic chair. Who, then, in Scotland can study Celtic antiquity? A few clergymen and lairds, like Mr. Campbell in Tiree and Campbell of Islay, have done much; but they are not academic. We cannot blame Greek and Latin professors for sticking to their business. Celtic literature is nobody's business in Scotland. Nor is it marvellous that the Gaelic remains have been neglected. Among a poor and practical people, who was to take them up? Mr. Nutt praises the Finns for their devotion to their popular epic, the *Kalevala*. But the Finns talk Finnish. To the academic world of Scotland and to

the people of Scotland generally, Finnish is just as familiar as Gaelic. If the Scotch were Celts and spoke Gaelic, probably they would look after Gaelic antiquities. But the Scots are English, so to speak, in great proportion; Beowulf is as much their ancestor as Fionn, or more so, and, to tell the truth, in that Highland chief they are but moderately interested. Nor do we marvel at this indifference. The *Kalevala* is a poem, or an assortment of poems, full of every kind of interest. From the cosmogonic legends to the arrival of Christianity it holds all the legends and describes every detail in the life of the people, and all is done with a rare charm of style. Now the legends of Fionn make a national appeal to but a minority of men born in Scotland—namely, to the Gaels. As he appears in these relics Fionn is the chief of a set of magnified non-natural men, with magical accomplishments. Their adventures are rude, their feats are too clumsily big, they have the usual kind of *Märchen* told about them, and not told particularly well. This is the fault neither of the narrators, nor of the collectors, nor of the exponent; neither of Lord Archibald Campbell, nor of the learned minister of Tiree, nor of Mr. Nutt. Nay, these gentlemen deserve all the more praise for their assiduity in proportion as their materials, to the non-Celtic mind, are unalluring, and lack the literary and popular charm of the *Mabinogion* and of the Arthurian cycle. But, for the numerous reasons which we have given, it is not odd that Scotch scholars—a tiny band—have neglected the Gaelic remains. The Scotch people and scholars do not at all stand to Fionn as the Finnish people and scholars stand to Wainamoinen. It is much to be desired, in the cause of disinterested learning, that rich Scots would endow Celtic chairs and scholarships. Democracy will never do so. The demagogues of Ireland have actually discouraged Irish studies. Till Celtic studies can support the unluxurious existence of the student, they will not, they cannot, be taken up in Scotland, except as *parerga*, by men like Campbell of Islay. Endowment is needful. Fancy the class fees of a professor of Celtic!

Such men as Islay are scarce. The topics are obscure and difficult. Macpherson, in popularizing a pinchbeck Ossianism, discredited real Celtic scholarship for a time. That branch of Celtic scholarship which deals with traditions of Fionn has, if we may say so, an unattractive theme. Fionn was the son of Cumhail, who was treacherously killed by Black Arky, an angler. All Cumhail's known children were slain, in Herod's fashion; but nine months after his death the daughter of a blacksmith bore to him Fionn. He was smuggled away, grew up, met Black Arky, obtained a magical tooth by thrusting his finger into his mouth, when he had burned it in cooking a salmon caught by Arky. This is a common incident in folklore, where a serpent, not a fish, usually communicates knowledge of the language of birds.

The Wisdom Tooth of Fionn answers to nothing that we are aware of, except the Tooth of Cagn, among the Bushmen of South Africa. From his tooth Fionn learns that Arky slew his father; he slays Arky in revenge. He also learns that the ugliest woman in Ireland is his mother. He gets a magic sword, like Sigurd, and heads the remnant of his father's men. Each of these, like the companions of Jason, has his peculiar magical accomplishment. Dermid, with whom all women, including Mrs. Fionn, his aunt, fell in love, is the most chivalrous and sympathetic, especially in the Irish version. Dermid is only vulnerable in the sole of his foot, and Fionn kills him by making him rub the bristles of a boar the wrong way. Fionn has a dog, Bran, with "a venomous claw," and by Bran's aid he kills monsters. Even a child would find the Saga of Fionn and the Big Men too precipitous. Whether there ever was an historical Fionn or not, the central incidents are clearly derived from the universal stock of popular tales. They have been attached to heroes with Gaelic names, have become part of national legend, but are no more peculiarly Celtic than peculiarly Slavonic, on the whole, though there are Celtic details. The stories have plenty of philological interest, and curious are their connexions with narratives in very ancient Irish literature. As is common, there has been much give and take between literature and tradition, which Mr. Nutt illustrates in his notes and introduction. These, as usual, are simple, learned, and workmanlike. We have only to dissent again from Mr. Nutt's remarks about "men who have but a tithe of the work, but triple and quadruple the remuneration, of German scholars," and who shamefully neglect Celtic studies. Who are these men? The work of the only literary professors in the large Scotch Universities is very arduous indeed, if they are conscientious persons. If they are not conscientious they may take up Fionn and leave Homer and Thucydides to uncovenanted mercies. Mr. Nutt himself might not approve of a Greek professor who on being appointed learned Celtic, and struggled with Oscar and Conan and Co. But, as far as we are aware, only one man in broad Scotland is paid a stiver to work at Celtic. The matter would not be mended if Greek and Latin professors doubled their parts; and who else is to do it? No doubt a scholar would rather learn a new language, and write on it, than patiently correct hundreds of weekly exercises and lecture on the beggarly elements to hundreds of ill-prepared lads, while he also keeps abreast with advanced scholarship in his own studies and for his highest class. A Scotch professor's life may be a very lazy one, but if he is conscientious it is much the reverse, and he can hardly be asked to become a double-barrelled specialist. Mr. Nutt appeals to "The Gael of Scotland," and we hope that the Gael of Scotland will listen to him. But the eight or ten men,

* *The Fians: Stories, Poems, and Traditions*. Collected entirely from Oral Sources by the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell, minister of Tiree. London: Nutt. 1891.

who are all the academic literary representatives of Scotland, are no more Gaels than they are Maoris, and they have their own work cut out for them. Let the Gael put his hand in his sporran and encourage Celtic studies with endowments; or let him, if he has the chance, imitate Islay and the minister of Tiree. Singing Gaelic songs instead of teaching Greek grammar "is no way to behave," nor would Mr. Nutt encourage such eccentricities.

In his introduction we particularly sympathize with his strictures on scholars who seem to think that traditional literature is no older than the date when we first find it written down, who "treat the date of transcription as equivalent to the date of origin." For such men the whole study of tradition has worked in vain. We may seem to have spoken with scant sympathy of the legends in this collection. It cannot be concealed that they are deficient in form, and that they bear traces of having originated in a very uncouth state of society. But this constitutes their historical interest. They cannot but be of very ancient date, and they have been preserved in those orders of society which made least advance in manners and taste. They do not amuse like the German, still less like the French *Märchen*; they do not interest and charm like the poetry of old Irish literature concerned with the same topics. But they have a genuine mark of rough antiquity, a tone perhaps unique, and to the student of human history most valuable. Like all the volumes of Lord Archibald's series, this is admirably edited, annotated, and indexed, while the Gaelic text is a rare boon to philologists.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

IT is not often that one thinks that a one-volume novel ought to have been in three; but that is the case with *Elsa*. Not that it is not long enough, or that it would be tolerable if it were three times its present length; but the story as it is would fill three volumes better than they often are filled, and each separate one would be easier to hold than that which now contains the whole work. It is a longish story of the loves of an English painter—answering to the rather absurd name of Edward Somerled—and the Venetian daughter of an Italian mother and an Austrian father. Interwoven with it is a melodramatic, and what Mr. Howells would consider mediæval, story of revenge for treachery committed twenty years before the story begins. Mr. McQueen is a writer of considerable humour, and a certain Bavarian, by the name of Kramer—a student friend of Somerled's—is capital fun for at least half the story. There is plenty of local colour; but why do all the gondolas, of which there are several, invariably wear the little black cabin which, in most weathers, it is so much pleasanter to do without? There is a brief episode of operatic success, when Elsa, who is gifted with a most surprising voice, becomes a public singer at the instance, and for the advantage, of her selfish, but not entirely otherwise than "sympathetic," widowed father. The love-making is pretty much of the ordinary description, and the author can write English. The volume is clumsy, but the novel is rather above the average.

There is no apparent reason why the title *It Happened Yesterday* should have been given to Mr. Marshall's novel any more than to about fifty per cent. of those that continually issue from the press. He alleges on the last page that the events recorded "happened yesterday," and seems to think the allegation a sufficient excuse for not finishing his story. The plea cannot be admitted. Although the book is not remarkable for any extraordinary power or talent for narration, the heroine, Frieda von Rothenfels, was a nicer girl than German heroines usually are; and one would have liked to know whether she ever married Jules Jelle, the far from disagreeable young Frenchman who was very much in love with her. The backbone of the story is in this wise. Mme. Jelle, aunt to Jules, conceived the preposterous idea that she, Madame, was lacking in the imaginative faculty, and ought, therefore, to have a particularly imaginative companion to live with her as a sort of complementary soul. Her choice fell upon the above-mentioned Frieda. Jules was principally remarkable for his invincible hatred of the German Empire and all things appertaining thereunto. In this grand passion he was abetted and sustained by one Yaransk, a Russian, who hated the Germans even more than Jules did; because, while Jules's animosity was based solely on public reasons, the grounds of

Yaransk's hostility were purely private and personal. Now Yaransk had a commanding soul, and understood hypnotism, and when he perceived that Jules, in spite of himself, was much attracted by Frieda, he determined to separate the pair. He, therefore, took captive by his arts the soul of Frieda, who responded by falling morbidly but desperately in love with him. Yaransk, however, did not care a bit for her. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, and how they all got cooked our readers may find out for themselves. Jules had a fairly good comic—or rather broadly farcical—father, a legislator of some kind, and a sort of ass that one is sometimes tempted to consider indigenous in England. There is some rather exasperating rubbish about souls, wills, and so forth, and Mr. Marshall is occasionally guilty of such hideous solecisms as "very depressed," but on the whole it is not otherwise than an amusing story.

The Chalice of Carden is a romantic tale of the period of the Young Chevalier, whose fortunes have some indirect influence on the plot. The heroine, Bennett Grey, was for a long time separated from her lover, and also from a chalice of surpassing beauty, and several more or less magical virtues. Some sixty years before, a wizard by the name of Napier had made some mysterious and terrifying prophecies concerning the sacred vessel, and they all came true in the most impressive manner. Bennett was not a bad girl, but when she said to a naughty little boy who had told a lie, "Try, my boy, to break yourself of this horrid propensity. Have all the legitimate fun you can. Enjoy your young life, but keep within the limits of the truth," she certainly showed symptoms of a rather modern priggishness. It is also distressing to find that her sweetheart, before setting out to take part in "the '45," said "whatever" when he meant "what ever," just as if he had been a nurserymaid a hundred and forty-five years later. The story is told with some spirit, though the villany is of the most harmless description, and never has a chance against the sorceries of the Chalice. Mr. Wright uses some odd words, such as "obtainment" and "expressibly" (for "expressively"), which are intelligible, and "glining," which is less so, even when it is revealed that on a certain occasion somebody "went glining this way and that." He is also clearly of opinion that "incontinently" means "unconsciously." The Carden family into which Bennett married must have been given to excessive mortality, for her father-in-law was "21st baronet," within a hundred and forty years of the creation of that dignity.

"I Resurrect a buried Treasure" are the opening words of Mr. Tucker's preface to *My Uncle Benjamin*, which he has translated from French into American. It is described on the title-page as "A Humorous, Satirical, and Philosophical Novel," but there is nothing to show whether that phrase is the work of the author or of the translator. It is, however, indubitably Mr. Tucker who further declares that the novel "must take rank among the wittiest and most humorous ever written; a novel of philosophy, of progress, of reality, of humanity." This way of writing is indiscreet at the beginning of a book, as it entitles the reader to demand something out of the common. In the present instance he does not get it. Tillier's work, as filtered through Mr. Tucker's jargon, is of the least meritorious description. His "humour" is wearisome horseplay, his "satire" clumsy fooling, and his "philosophy" stale and worthless. There is no story, but only a rambling farrago of anecdotes about a rather offensive old drunkard who performed antics of various kinds for the edification of a set of simple rustics. At the end of the dreary volume is a brief eulogy of Claude Tillier, leaving the impression that, after a short and useless life in which he was a nuisance to other people and to himself, he died, and was no loss.

There seems to have been something of a moral purpose in the mind of Mr. Norman Porritt when he composed *Cornered*. It may be described as a design of emphasizing the following propositions:—Speculation in differences is wrong in itself; Such speculation on the part of a bank manager is likely to result in suicide; Indulgence in similar practices by a young man of moderate means and no fixed occupation may bring him to penal servitude. The last two aphorisms have, no doubt, a certain basis in the facts of life, and the first will commend itself to the Bishop of Manchester. Not all three together appear to us to be of sufficient interest or value to justify the sacrifice to them of what might otherwise have been an honest, if not very exciting or original, story. The plot involves an endeavour to murder a wealthy aunt, and also some true love, suitably crossed, between a milkop and a hospital nurse. Nobody in the book is at all amusing, and most of the people are very vulgar. They do not atone for this fault by any literary merit. Nobody need be afraid of *Cornered* on the ground that it may prove too technical to be easily read. The extent of the familiarity with Stock Exchange speculation displayed by the author is, that the trusted manager of a loosely-managed bank may have opportunities of stealing securities belonging to the customers, and that if he uses them for "cover," he may lose a good deal of money that does not belong to him.

The stories collected by Mr. Richard Dowling under the title of *The Crimson Chair* have the look of having been published before, probably in magazines. We have certainly met with at least one in some earlier stage of its being, but the book itself does not specify how this may be. They preserve a very even level of merit, and that quite up to the standard of the minor monthly publications. There is some force and a little rather good pathos in "Homeward Bound," which is withal as inoffensive as a story turning upon delirium tremens can well be. The

* *Elsa*. A Novel. By E. McQueen Gray. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

It Happened Yesterday. A Novel. By Frederick Marshall, Author of "Claire Brandon" &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

The Chalice of Carden. By Thomas Wright, Author of "The Town of Cowper." London: Skeffington & Son.

My Uncle Benjamin. A Humorous, Satirical, and Philosophical Novel. By Claude Tillier. Translated from the French, by Benjamin R. Tucker. Boston, Mass.: Tucker.

Cornered. By Norman Porritt. London: The Lendenhall Press.

The Crimson Chair; and other Stories. By Richard Dowling, Author of "The Mystery of Killard" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

Ryle's Open Gate. By Susan Teakle Moore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1891.

A Deputy Providence. By Henry Murray, Author of "A Game of Bluff," and part Author (with Christie Murray) of "A Deputy Providence." London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

staple of interest is naturally love or death, or both, in nearly all the tales.

Ryle's Open Gate can hardly in strictness be called a story, but it has more claim to that description than to any other. A supposed American mother maunders in her own remarkable language, and in the first person singular, through many a weary chapter, about how "Robin and I" spent some weeks or months in the summer in a cottage hired from a fisherman named "Royal Ryerson," and therefore addressed and spoken of as "Ryle." The house contained some tables and chairs, of which there are mildly enthusiastic descriptions, and its inhabitants sometimes ate things with odd names. Also beggars came—being encouraged thereto by indiscriminate almsgiving—and sometimes crippled children from convalescent homes. And on great occasions a parson of sorts appeared and encountered a school-marm, and they spooned feebly. Many conversations between "Ryle" and his social equals are recorded. They are long and heavy, and contain much hideous dialect. Now Mrs. (or Miss) Susan Teakle Porter may be very much to the taste of the great American people, for anything we know, but, judging by ordinary British canons of taste, we cannot conceive why any one should think her letterpress worth writing, printing, or reading.

Miss Nelly Fetherston, heroine of *A Deputy Providence*, is supposed to be a lady and moderately well brought up, yet she, like Mr. Wright's eighteenth-century hero, says, "Whatever do you mean?" It is astonishing how many people who have learnt to write and can even express themselves decently well, put this gutter and scullery blunder into the mouths of heroines and other ladies intended to be refined in their manners. Nevertheless it is to be observed in Mr. Murray's excuse that Miss Fetherston was an uninteresting flirt and a particularly undutiful daughter. The tale is slight and the plot ingenious, although no one will deny that the idea of two young persons being ordered to marry each other, resenting the order, and ultimately falling in love notwithstanding, has been heard of before. It seems probable that Mr. Christie Murray had something to do with the manufacture of the story, at least that is the only reasonable explanation of Mr. Henry Murray's curious description of himself on his title-page, *q.v. infra*.

A POET AND SOME OTHERS.*

THE poems of Miss Emily Dickinson (who has hitherto been known to Englishmen chiefly if not only by some very injudicious praise of the kind usual with Mr. Howells) are posthumously published, and from the short preface written by her sympathetic and friendly editor we learn some interesting facts of her life. She appears never to have travelled, or, indeed, left the house of her father in Amherst, Mass., where she led the life of an absolute recluse, and only appeared in society at a yearly reception given by her father to his friends. We are told that she wrote verses abundantly, but "absolutely without the thought of publication, and solely by way of expression of the writer's own mind." The editor prepares us for the want of form and polish in her poems, but expects us to regard them as "poetry torn up from the roots, with rain and dew and earth still clinging to them, giving a freshness and a fragrance not otherwise to be conveyed." A merit is here implied in their very imperfections as producing the effect of poetry drawn from an absolutely natural unconventional source. We very much doubt, however, whether this conclusion may be fairly adduced from the uneducated and illiterate character of some of these verses, although we fully recognize in them the unmistakable touch of a true poet. In these days considerable mastery over form in poetry is not uncommon, but in our minor poets it is rare indeed to find much original thought, or a strongly marked individuality. For this reason it is, perhaps, difficult not to overvalue these qualities, when we find them, as in Miss Dickinson, separated from any merits of form. We continually see the thoughts of prose put into verse, but, while some of the poems in the present volume can scarcely be described as in verse at all, they almost all contain a genuinely poetical thought, or image, or feeling. Miss Dickinson's chief characteristics are, first, a faculty for seizing the impression or feelings of the moment, and fixing them with rare force and accuracy; secondly, a vividness of imagery, which impresses the reader as thoroughly unconventional, and shows considerable imaginative power. The following quotation is a fair specimen of some of the most striking poems in the book:—

Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea—
Past the houses, past the headlands,
Into deep eternity!
Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from land?

The editor suggests a comparison between the poems of this

* *Poems* By Emily Dickinson. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.
There as Here. By Jeanie Morison. London: Blackwood & Sons.
1891.

A Cracked Fiddle. By Frederick Langbridge. London: Methuen & Co.

Stellar Songs. By Herbert Smith. London: Reeves & Turner.

The Canary: and other Poems. By George Livingstone Fenton, M.A. Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham: Frank Murray.

writer and those of William Blake; but, beyond the fact that they are both quite indifferent to the technical rules of art, the comparison is not very far-reaching. Miss Dickinson possesses little of that lyrical faculty to which Blake owes his reputation; but, on the other hand, she is gifted with a far saner mind. Her poems, however, may be said to be distinctively American in their peculiarities, and occasionally call to mind the verses of Emerson. The editor with his unflinching sympathy tells us that, "though curiously indifferent to all conventional rules," she yet had "a vigorous literary standard of her own, and often altered a word many times to suit an ear which had its own tenacious fastidiousness." Some of the poems, however, seem destitute of any metre whatever, the lines do not scan, the rhymes are arbitrarily thrown in or left out, in accordance with no fixed system, and grammar, and even good taste are sometimes only conspicuous by their absence. But in some of her roughest poems there is still an idea which forces the reader to attend to its meaning, and impresses him, in spite of the irritation he may feel at the form. Take, for instance, the little poem on "The Mystery of Pain"—

Pain has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.
It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.

These poems for the most part are of a purely reflective character; but a few, such as the two on shipwreck, show considerable descriptive and emotional power. Moreover, though never perfectly finished or satisfactory in form, some of them are conceived in a lyrical way, and are not without music. Take this verse, for instance:—

Night after night her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.

In many of the poems there is a deep underlying sense of the mystery of existence, a yearning to set the soul free, and to know the "why" of things. Death is a subject constantly harped upon, either from the point of view of the dying, or of those who watch the departure of others to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns." The writer dwells on the final pomp and ceremony which attends the poor as well as the rich when they leave this world; the equality of death; the sense that the finite ended is the infinite begun; the agonizing and absorbing watchfulness over life that is ebbing, and then the sudden stillness, the "awful leisure," that succeeds when the end has come and the watchers can do no more. There is much that is very striking in these poems, they reveal great depth of feeling, and the tone of them, though melancholy, is not morbid. In some there is a kind of exultation and a concentrated force of expression which is really remarkable:—

At last to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side,
The rest of life to see!
Past midnight, past the morning star!
Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are
Between our feet and day!

The little volume contains much to exercise the satire and scorn of critics. The sublime in Miss Dickinson's poems comes sometimes dangerously near to the ridiculous; but any fair-minded reader will, nevertheless, acknowledge that there is something in her poems which cannot be found in the mechanical productions of mere verse-writers, and that the editor is not far wrong when he says that her poetry contains "flashes of wholly original and profound insight into nature and life, words and phrases exhibiting an extraordinary vividness of descriptive and imaginative power, yet often set in a seemingly whimsical, or even rugged, frame."

The faults of great men are sometimes to be seen most clearly in the works of their disciples. Miss Morison is an adoring disciple of Mr. Robert Browning, and the spirit of deep earnestness and reverence in which her book is written makes the task of criticism distasteful. But, perhaps, she herself would hardly claim that her poems contain much that is of original value. In the preface she writes: "The little book may be said to have grown out of its own title (*There as Here*), the last published words of the great poet and dear and revered friend who has so lately 'gone over to the majority,' and to whose dear memory I have tried to weave its very various poems into a little Easter song-wreath for his grave." It is natural that a book thus dedicated to the memory of a great poet should to a large extent reflect his work, and in fact these poems are deliberately imitative in form, expression, and thought. Not a few are directly suggested by the last poems of *Asolando*, especially the epilogue, in which Mr. Browning tells those who loved him in this life how he desires they should think and feel about him when he is no longer amongst them. He conjures up a vision of himself lying dead

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time.

This vision is referred to in the present volume, and almost the same line repeated:

Grand and still in the silent sleep-time.

In a fine stanza the poet proceeds to give utterance to his creed of optimism:—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

And again these ideas are echoed by his disciple:—

His Earth may fear no evil,
Life springs from Death's disguise,
Him serve angel and devil,
Good fell that Best might rise.
Through loss, gain, for birds' gladness
Songs of His blood-bought Bless,
God-Man made perfect through sadness—
—God saw that it was best.

It is refreshing to the soul of the reader who has toiled through much conventional modern verse to come across a volume so full of matter to touch both heart and head as that lately published by Mr. Langbridge. He has not attempted either in subject or form to write in a classical or academic strain. His poems consist of ballads, love poems, and descriptive lyrics, all of a popular and simple character, but exhibiting considerable narrative skill, and in the lyrical poems real grace and charm of expression. He has taken for the title of his book the name of one of his own ballads, implying thereby a low estimate of the value of his work, which will not be shared by his readers. The hero in "A Lay of a Cracked Fiddle" can play but two tunes, and these so badly that, though he yearns to be rewarded as an artist, he is only paid that his noise may cease. At last, however, he is gratified by the praise of a girl who understands, through the fulfilment of her own heart's wishes, how to satisfy his.

Of the ballads in this volume no isolated verses could give any adequate idea. "After Ten Years," "Squire," "Carrying out Instructions," and "Seth Baker" are amongst the best. They show considerable mastery over verse, and are written with much benevolence and sympathy for the joys and sorrows of human life. The author is, perhaps, over-fond of deathbed scenes, and his pathos, though often genuine, is sometimes of a kind which has now grown hackneyed and commonplace.

In the long essay which Mr. Herbert Smith prefixes to his *Stellar Songs* we read that "It has been the author's aim to describe in verse rather than in prose the part that meteors play in space in evolving the universe," and to show thereby that science and poetry are not incompatible with each other, but may go hand in hand. Not only, however, are we to believe that science in general has largely influenced the writings of poets, but that the doctrine of evolution is now to affect them in quite a special way. To Mr. Smith this doctrine is a religion, and in Mr. Herbert Spencer he recognizes his prophet and high-priest. He even goes the length of saying that "every broad-thinking man" must be prepared to remodel his life-work, "be it poetry or be it prose, . . . on the lines so eloquently advanced by Mr. Herbert Spencer." Of the master himself he writes:—"There would appear to be no fact in the abstract or concrete world, and no theory, with which Mr. Spencer is not familiar—such is the range of his inquiry. No boundary line can, I say, be traced to his thoughts (unless it be poetry), no space or time to which his genius has not travelled." Since one gap remains, however, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's otherwise universal knowledge, it is natural that Mr. Herbert Smith should desire to fill it, and this we presume to be the true origin of the *Stellar Songs*. Having shown us that a poet can be scientific, he now wishes to show that a sage can be poetic, and that "scientific forms are not injured by poetical treatment." It is, therefore, with great interest and curiosity that we turn from this essay to his poetical achievements.

Let us take as an example a verse which occurs in the second chapter, after an invocation to the sun as "Imperial Lord of Space":—

But vast as is the heat, each moment spent—
A store that equal is to boiling down
Twelve thousand million miles of ice, that lent
Unto the orb of Life's too weak to own
Beside the mass (sic)—a millimetre clear,
Won't tell the share poor Tellus gets a year!

Is this what the author calls enshrining "the beauty of truth in the language of the soul"? Or, again:—

The awful force exerted by the sun
Acting through space, establishes the rhythm
Of revolution, drives on, once begun,
The retinue of orbs, of stars, and with 'em
The troop of satellites; the counter force
Of gravitation's neutralized, of course!

The author expresses a fear that he "may be deemed guilty of a sustained classical and metrical oration," but on that score we can relieve him with the assurance that his verse never suggests such a suspicion. It only recalls the style of the prize poem on the Prince of Wales's illness:—

Flashed from his bed the electric message came
He is not better, he is much the same;

or of that other—

Having said this, the illustrious Guatemosin
Gave orders for the troops to march—supposin'
All right behind.

But the gem of the whole collection is, perhaps, the sonnet on "A Royal Wedding," which we quote in full, and leave to speak for itself:—

Hail, Royal Princess and favoured Duke of Fife,
To court of Hymen called! Flutter on towers,
Ye flags; ye clarions sound, invoke the powers
Of benediction all on husband, wife,
Linked with approval popular and rife
With seal of truest love! Britain, rejoice!
One of your kin has gained the Sovereign's choice;
Ring out your salutes for their happy life!

Sink, highly cultured nymph, your Royal claim
To court distinction now! Be your desire,
In close alliance with a noble clan,
To footsteps follow of great mother's fame,
"Sweetness and light" to find. Great Duke, aspire
A nation's trust to merit! Happy man!

The poems of Mr. George Livingstone Fenton are the productions of a cultivated literary mind, but though his verse shows considerable knowledge of the *technique* of poetry, and flows smoothly enough, it is yet too conventional to be interesting, and possesses little individuality of its own. The first poem, entitled "The Canary," we are told, was composed in sleep, but it bears so strong a resemblance to all the other poems in the book, that the reader will be inclined to doubt whether the author devoted to the composition of any of them the thoughts of his waking hours. In "Sonnet on the Poets" he seems to show more enthusiasm than discrimination, for the praise awarded to Milton, Shelley, and Byron seems scarcely to equal that which is bestowed on Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Browning.

CLERK MAXWELL'S PAPERS.*

THE Syndics of the Pitt Press are to be complimented on the fine form they have given to these volumes. Soon after Maxwell's death a number of his friends in the University and elsewhere formed themselves into a committee to secure a fitting memorial of the great natural philosopher. A bust was placed in the Cavendish Laboratory, where, indeed, the visitor might be told to look around if he sought a monument; but the Committee rightly regarded as the more important part of their task the collection and publication of Maxwell's scattered scientific writings. These have now been gathered, some from their shrines in the journals of the learned societies, and some from the fugitive columns of the weekly press. Nothing of consequence seems to have been omitted, which is only another way of saying that nothing has been omitted that Maxwell wrote, beyond, of course, his published books, which are too well known and too accessible to need a place in the memorial collection. The printing and general get up and the editing are worthy of the subject and of the occasion, which is to say much. Mr. Niven has, perhaps, left a few slips uncorrected; but an editor of Maxwell may be forgiven if he feels that he is dealing with a text too much charged with inspiration to be lightly tampered with. He has added an excellent introduction, sketching Maxwell's life and indicating the scope of his work, with special reference to the bearing of the papers on one another. This will prove of real service to the scientific reader, who will find himself dazzled by the variety of subjects with which the papers deal.

One cannot but regret that the work, which has been done so well, was not done more quickly. The volumes are not simply a memorial of Maxwell, they are a magazine of scientific matter, the value of which it would be hard to overrate. Why has the student not been sooner allowed this convenient access to the master's work? Ten years or more have passed since the form of the memorial was resolved on—ten years of very active work in those subjects which Maxwell did most to open up. It is a real loss to science that for these ten years the collection has not been available. It may be ungrateful to suggest the looking of so superb a gift in the mouth by making any criticism about dates, but we cannot suppress just a little grumble at what seems to have been needless delay. One more word and we have done with criticism. It would have been well had the practice been uniformly followed of giving the date of original publication of the papers, as well as the source from which they are collected.

It would be quite futile to attempt within the limits of a review to give any account of what Maxwell did towards the development of physical science. Indeed, to do it with fair completeness, even at any length, would need a knowledge almost as singularly universal as his own. It is nothing less than amazing to reflect in how many departments Maxwell's investigations were not merely important, but fundamental. His work in electricity has overshadowed the rest, only because it was gigantic, not because the other was small. His contributions to the dynamical theory of gases were in themselves enough to establish a great reputation; his optical papers, especially those on colour vision, were of first-rate originality and value; in his work in graphic statics he at least laid one of the foundation-stones on which the elaborate superstructure of that science has since been reared. There was little danger that these and other of his services to knowledge

* *The Scientific Papers of James Clerk Maxwell, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.* Edited by W. D. Niven, M.A., F.R.S., Director of Studies at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. 2 vols. Cambridge University Press.

should be overlooked; but it is well to have the evidence of them collected as it is in these volumes, in a form which will certainly impress those who think of Maxwell only as an electrician. As to the electrical papers, they will be found in several instances to fill up gaps and supply additions to his own classical treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. The student will turn with renewed interest to those that relate to what was perhaps Maxwell's most brilliant flash of scientific insight—the electro-magnetic theory of light—in view of the recent work of Hertz, which has gone far to confirm Maxwell's view that the vibrations which constitute light are nothing else than waves of electro-magnetic disturbance in the luminiferous medium. Maxwell's mathematical development of Faraday's ideas regarding magnetic induction has had its importance immensely enhanced since he wrote by the introduction of practical appliances to which those ideas have the most direct possible application; and on many sides we find the seed he sowed bearing fruit a hundred-fold. The progress of the last ten years has been so rapid that, though Maxwell's book remains—and will doubtless long remain—the accepted classic, it already calls for an appendix, which we suggest should be furnished by one or other of the two professors who have worthily maintained, since Maxwell's death, the traditions of the Cavendish Chair. It is, perhaps, a disheartening task to bring a treatise on electricity up to date, when every month records a fresh advance, but if Lord Rayleigh or Professor J. J. Thomson would undertake the work they would win the gratitude of many smaller men.

There is something particularly appropriate in the fact that this tribute to the memory of Maxwell issues from Cambridge. His teaching has placed all the learned world under obligation, but there is no place that has felt its influence more potently than his own university. No one has done more than he to deliver the study of physics at Cambridge from its scholastic trammels, and to make it the genuine living thing that it is now. Mr. Niven bears emphatic testimony to Maxwell's service in this regard, and dates the movement of reform from the appointment of Maxwell in 1866 as Moderator in the Mathematical Tripos. Before that time, he says, the university had lost touch with the great scientific movement going on outside her walls. Such branches of knowledge as heat, electricity, and magnetism were left out of the examination, which was framed on lines that made the candidates "waste their time and energy on mathematical trifles barren of scientific interest and of practical results." Maxwell gave a new direction to the current. His genius for experiment was as great as his power of abstract reasoning, or his readiness in dealing with symbols. He was saturated with the researches of Faraday. He loved to express them in mathematical form; and held that in a mathematical investigation every step should be interpreted as the expression of a physical fact.

Those parts of the book which are least open to the charge or compliment of being caviare to the general are the lectures and reviews, the notices of Faraday and Helmholtz, and the articles reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, most of which will be found in the second volume. These are remarkable, not less for their exquisite lucidity and perfect form, than for the delicate humour which often bubbles to the surface. Maxwell's gentle playfulness was one of his most charming qualities. It breaks through in quite unexpected places, tickling the fancy from behind as it were, never forced, but always with the happiness of a surprise. The wit owes much of its sparkle to its setting. To pick out examples would be a crime; the reader must look for these gems as for the dew on a leaf. Equally conspicuous with his humour was his faculty of reverence; witness the lofty, if restrained, eloquence reached in a number of passages, in the lecture on Molecules and elsewhere, in which the course of scientific exposition reaches a level so high that it seems to command a wider than the physical horizon.

Mr. Niven justly remarks that the time has not yet come to apportion to Maxwell's work its historical place, or to estimate duly his quickening influence on modern scientific thought. We may apply to Maxwell the words which he used in speaking of Faraday: "Our minds are still too much occupied with the memory of the outward form and expression of his scientific work to be able to compare him aright with the other great men among whom we shall have to place him." These volumes will not only serve with Maxwell's books as the material on which the verdict of the future historian of science will be passed. They will help to keep alive the memory of a singularly lovable personality, for to a degree surely rare among scientific writings, the papers of Maxwell are a reflection of the man himself.

TWO BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.*

WE shall say least of the best of these, the two last additions to the "Adventure" series—*Mendez Pinto* and Mr. Roche's *Filibusters*. *Mendez Pinto* was an interesting person, and he wrote a curious book. Still, we shall not say much of this re-

* *The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto the Portuguese*. Done into English by Henry Cogan. With an Introduction by Arminius Vambéry. An abridged and illustrated edition.

The Story of the Filibusters. By James Jeffrey Roche. To which is added the Life of Colonel David Crockett. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

print of Cogan's translation. To discuss Pinto properly would require, among other things, considerable space; much more space, at any rate, than we care to give to an abridged edition. Abridgments have their use, if only because they enable people who do not care to read the originals to gain some knowledge of a book at a minimum of trouble. It is a harmless function when its humility is properly understood. But harmlessness does not constitute a title to more than slight notice. A proper edition of Pinto would, as Mr. Vambéry, who supplies the introduction, says, or substantially says, be something like Colonel Yule's *Marco Polo*. This is very different from that great exemplar. It will none the less serve to amuse a boy—even a grown-up boy—who likes to read of adventures, and is not too particular about the form in which they are presented to him. For the rest, the translator Cogan did his work at a time when translators had not lost all sense of manly independence. He certainly deserved better than to have freaks played with his spelling by American printers. Mr. Vambéry, by the way, answers for the honesty of Mendez Pinto, but has to confess that it was coloured by credulity, and warmed by imagination. The honesty of travellers would afford a not contemptible subject for an essay.

The second volume of the series before us is divided between *The Life of Colonel David Crockett* (also abridged) and Mr. Roche's *Filibusters*. Of "Davy" Crockett we need not say much, save that he also was of the race of Mendez Pinto, and that when we have him we prefer to have him entire. Mr. Roche's *Filibusters* is an original work—or so we gather from his preface—now first presented to the reader, at least on this side of the Atlantic. It is also a rather curious production. We find a certain difficulty in making our minds up as to the spirit in which Mr. Roche writes. At times there are touches of the grave ironic tone, or rather of attempts to adopt it, which half persuade you that he is dealing with his rascals in the Fieldingian manner. This is quite as it should be, as far as intention goes; but, then, a few lines further on, Mr. Roche commits explosions of that bombast of which Americans, particularly those of the Southern States, have always been fond. These outbreaks are apparently quite sincere, and the drift of them is to show that the filibusters were really a kind of heroes. On the whole, this does seem to be Mr. Roche's view, and the bombast is certainly out of all proportion to the irony. The filibusters of whom he writes are the adventurers who were encouraged by Houston's success in Texas to carry out raids in Sonora and Central America. There are some preliminary remarks, inevitable, we suppose, but unquestionably foolish, about the Vikings and the buccaneers. Mr. Roche actually includes Anson among the buccaneers, and speaks of the early captains of the East India Company as filibusters, which is ridiculous. The hero of his book is the once famous Walker, who, indeed, was a not uninteresting person. Mr. Roche dates his preface from Boston; but he writes in a style glowing with what he himself calls the "fine hyperbole of California," which is also apt to be confused. "When liberty comes to a nation prematurely she must be born again in pain and travail ere the boon be valued by its receiver." Or take this again. Mr. Roche is speaking of certain filibusters who were surrounded on the Alamo by Santa Ana and put to the sword, as they refused to surrender:—

Unsung of poet, all but unnamed in history, the brave men of the Alamo went to their certain death with a sublime fortitude beside which the obedient immolation of Balaklava's Six Hundred is but the triumph of disciplined machines. A monument raised to their memory bears the magnificent inscription:—

Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.

The brave men of the Alamo had invaded Mexican territory, and were in fact brigands taken in arms. They sent no messenger because they were surrounded and could not get out. Santa Ana was thoroughly justified in shooting every man of them. Mr. Roche is equally turgid about a certain Count Raousset Boulbon, hired by Jecker of the bonds to carry out a filibustering expedition in Sonora, which ended in his being most righteously garrotted by the Mexicans. But, as is only proper, he is at his most florid about Walker. This man, indeed, is a figure worth looking at. He was plainly a fanatic as much as ever was John Brown, though on the pro-slavery side. A West-country Scotchman, he carried to the cause of slavery and its extension exactly the concentrated, ruthless, and yet withal logic-chopping and disputatious bigotry of the Westland Whig. His invasion of Nicaragua was an atrocious piece of brigandage, and his final extinction at Costa Rica was highly creditable to the Costa Ricans. Mr. Roche, who is not a pro-slavery man himself, and even rather shakes his head over Walker's errors in that matter, still writes about him in the most inflated tone of eulogy. Walker's power over men, his great ideas, the legitimacy of his position as President of Nicaragua, his wonderful character and faculty generally, work Mr. Roche into paroxysms of admiration. The raids of the filibuster and his greedy followers among the Central Americans seem all very admirable to Mr. Roche. As far as we can make out, his general view seems to be that anybody who sets out with a shipful of armed men to spread the cause of freedom in his neighbour's territory is a hero entitled to profound gratitude. He really thinks, for instance, that the Spanish Government behaved infamously to Lopez when they garrotted him for invading Cuba. It is a grievance to Mr. Roche that the United States never backed the heroic Walker up properly. The failure of his and similar enterprises extorts the sad remark that:—

"The American apostle of freedom no longer heeds the cry of the oppressed of any faction. Nor is it likely, since the world was shocked by the execution of the Austrian Archduke, that many Europeans will be found treading the wine-press for the 'regeneration' of Mexico." Probably not. Spaniards and semi-Spaniards have a rooted dislike to regenerators who come to tread their wine-presses. They were even grossly ungrateful to that master regenerator, Napoleon.

THE BIRDS OF INDIA.*

THE great publication of the fauna of British India, issued under the authority of the Secretary of State for India, progresses steadily, and we welcome to-day a second volume of the *Birds*. The general editor of the series, Mr. W. T. Blanford, announces what will be a surprise to no one, but will be much regretted, that Mr. Oates is not able to carry any further the work which he has begun in so admirable a way. He has been obliged to return to India, and in consequence the third volume of the *Birds* will have to be placed in other hands. We are not informed who is the naturalist to whom this responsible duty of completing Mr. Oates' work has been entrusted.

The present volume, which is considerably shorter than the last, is occupied solely with the continuation and the conclusion of the Passerine Order. We begin with the *Muscicapidae*, the flycatchers, of which India possesses so many representative species. To these succeed the great family of the *Turdidae*, or thrushes, the *Ploceidae*, a small family, formed to comprise the weaver-birds and the munias; the finches, the swallows, the larks, the sun-birds, and the *Dicaeidae*, or flower-peckers; closing with the somewhat anomalous family of the *Pittidae*. The range does not seem to be wide, but it covers nearly four hundred species. The Passerine birds of India are more numerous than those of all other orders put together. Of the charming sun-birds—the humming-birds of India—there exist thirty species, not including the ruby-cheek, *Chalcoparia phenicotis*, which Mr. Oates has finally decided to separate from the *Nectarinidae*, with which it has hitherto been associated, and to append to the *Crateropodidae*. Its proper place should therefore be in volume i. of this work, but Mr. Oates did not make his final decision until too late. The true sun-birds appear to thrive in surprisingly high altitudes. The fire-tailed, yellow-backed sun-bird has even been found at a height of 11,000 feet in the Himalayas.

It may be of interest to those who are awaiting the completion of this important series of manuals to know that the publication of the *Birds* is laid aside for the present, and that the third volume will not be given to the public until the *Mammalia* is finished.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

DR. CHEYNE'S Bampton Lectures on the *Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter* (1) are certainly thoroughgoing. In an excellent little book, noticed in our last article, Mr. Kirkpatrick dealt, though briefly, with the same subject. The Cambridge Hebrew Professor holds that the founder of religious poetry among the Israelites was King David, that the Psalter was in some considerable part written by him, that it received accessions in the reigns of Hezekiah and Jehoshaphat, and that other Psalms were added in the Exile and after the return. A few Psalms, some eight or nine, may possibly, but not probably, be as late as the time of the Maccabees. Dr. Cheyne insists that, with the single exception of Psalm xviii., which is possibly as old as King Josiah, the Psalter is entirely post-Exilic, and was composed during the Persian or Greek domination, or under the Maccabees. In the last group he includes twenty-six Psalms. At least twenty-six are enumerated as Maccabean in the list given on page 456. But this list would seem to be inaccurate, as it does not contain the famous Psalm cx., which in earlier passages (pp. 24, 96) is explained without hesitation as a glorification of Simon Maccabeus. King David entirely disappears, except in so far as it is admitted that "phrases, or even whole verses of Davidic hymns," may survive embedded in later compositions. The world is ready enough to accept this or any other conclusion if it is founded upon facts, and facts must surely be attainable even on this question. But if there be any, Dr. Cheyne does not give them. His first argument is, apparently, that David could not have composed elaborate psalms. The Prophet Amos speaks of him as a writer of secular poetry, and "the only two indubitably Davidic compositions that have come down to us are in the elegiac style," the lamentations over Jonathan and Abner. Nor can it be supposed that "the versatile condottiere, chieftain and king, whose truly noble qualities," Dr. Cheyne gracefully adds, "I would not for a moment disparage," was capable of any very exalted spiritual flights. The Book of Samuel, indeed, speaks of him as performing priestly acts, leading in the sacred dances, offering sacrifices, girt with a linen ephod, and blessing the people

in the most sacred of names; but this only draws from Dr. Cheyne a snort of impatience. "Believe this who can!" he says. Yet, after thus demolishing the son of Jesse, Dr. Cheyne finds that he cannot account for the growth of Hebrew poetry without inventing a second David, of whom history has unfortunately preserved no record. This was the really eminent man, and "the great fault of the elder orthodoxy is, that it identifies these two Davids." We are now delivered from this unfortunate confusion; still, we must not rush into extremes. "Let us be thankful for both Davids, but not rank even the second of them too high." Dr. Cheyne says grace over a poor dinner. He has taken away what reason we had for being thankful for the real David; but he may rest assured that we shall not exaggerate the merits of the ghost. A further argument is, that the elaborate construction of the later Psalms implies a knowledge of Greek music, which, as may be inferred from the Græco-Aramaic names of musical instruments in Daniel, appears to have made its way into Palestine in the Maccabean age. But here, again, all is guesswork and uncertainty, and Dr. Cheyne goes on to admit that we have no precise information as to the character of the music at the Maccabean festivals, and that Simon's "reconstitution of the temple psalmody" rests upon pure conjecture. For the rest, Dr. Cheyne argues that the ideas and the historical background of many of the Psalms are such that they cannot reasonably be assigned to any other time than that of the Asmoneans. On this point the difference between Dr. Cheyne and other great authorities is mainly one of degree. But Mr. Kirkpatrick is surely right in insisting that the internal evidence should be of a very cogent description. Whereas Dr. Cheyne, who starts with "strong reasons for expecting to find" psalms of Maccabean origin, the "strong reasons" being his impression that the exalted enthusiasm of the great patriotic struggle must have found vent in spiritual song, is content with evidence that, in many cases, strikes the reader as far from cogent. Language, the scholar's most precise and trustworthy instrument, appears to fail the investigator into the origins of biblical literature. Hence we are called upon to accept the startling assertion that, with the exception of one Psalm, the entire mass of existing Hebrew poetry was produced after Hebrew had ceased to be a spoken language, on the faith of what is called the "higher criticism," that is to say, in plain English, of Dr. Cheyne's literary feeling, which, as readers of this emotional volume will perceive, is not only a subjective but an extraordinarily subjective standard. Those who have been trained in the cautious ways of old-fashioned philology will think that Dr. Cheyne's lines have fallen in sadly hypothetical places, and that a theory which involves so many "mayas" and "musts," which creates new Davids and inclines to identify Daniel with Zoroaster, cannot possibly be the last word on the origin of the Psalter.

In the Bampton Lectures for 1890 Archdeacon Watkins takes for his subject *Modern Criticism considered in its Relation to the Fourth Gospel* (2), and aims, not so much at refuting the conclusions of the negative school as at bringing out in an historical review their shifting, contradictory, and mutually destructive character. Dr. Watkins writes in a lighter and more attractive style than is common in "Bampton," and displays a wide and accurate knowledge of the literature with which he deals. In the course of his narrative he introduces sketches of the careers of the more famous scholars, with dates and lists of their writings, a kind of information which is not always easy to procure, and which many readers will find very serviceable.

The Bishop of Manchester's *Teaching of Christ* (3) is a clear and instructive statement of the present position of Broad Church divines. The Bishop addresses himself first to the question of the hour, the nature of inspiration and the limitations of our Lord's knowledge, and then passes on to what he conceives to be the cardinal points of the Gospel teaching, the Fatherhood of God, the relation of Christ to the Law, the meaning of His kingdom, the doctrine of punishment, and the bearing of Christianity upon modern social problems. Bishop Moorhouse has that knowledge of his subject which marks the intelligent amateur. He hits with great skill the points on which the average man wants information, and has much to tell him which is good and well put. An idea, which finds favour with the shallower sort of advanced thinkers, is that our Lord was either a Buddhist or an Essene. The Bishop sufficiently exposes the vanity of this conceit, and insists with force on the originality of the Gospel type of character. He has collected from Schürer, Hausrath, and Edersheim much interesting information on the habits and ideas of the Jews in our Lord's times. He is perhaps a little too fond of reminding his readers that he has read Schopenhauer, and is more anxious to explain the true meaning of the "will to live" than to show how Manchester men are to creep through the eye of the needle, but this will make his book all the more useful to those who are puzzled with phrases that they are always coming across in magazines. The theology we need not criticize further than by saying that it is a clever exposition of the school to which many good people, though not many Bishops, belong. It is the theology of the good-natured God.

Manchester theology is further illustrated by the Bishop's

* *The Fauna of British India—Birds*. Vol. II. By Eugene W. Oates. London: Taylor & Francis.

(1) *The Origin of the Psalter*. Bampton Lectures for 1889. By T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of Interpretation of Holy Scripture, Canon of Rochester. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 1891.

(2) *Modern Criticism considered in its Relation to the Fourth Gospel*. Bampton Lectures for 1890. By Henry William Watkins, M.A., D.D., Archdeacon and Canon of Durham, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Durham. London: John Murray. 1890.

(3) *The Teaching of Christ*. By the Right Rev. J. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

chaplain in *Old Truths in Modern Lights* (4). Dr. Bonney lacks the suavity of his chief, but his bark is worse than his bite.

The third volume of *Studia Biblica* (5) addresses itself like its predecessors to professional students. Mr. Neubauer writes on the history of the Hebrew alphabet and the earliest MSS. of the Old Testament, Mr. Gore on the interpretation of Romans ix.-xi., Mr. Gwilliam on the Peshitto Version, Mr. Woods on the quotations of Ephrem Syrus, Professor Sanday on the Cheltenham List of the Canonical Books and of Cyprian's writings, and Mr. Rackham on the text of the Canons of Ancyra. All these papers form valuable contributions to the study of the special points with which they deal, and the last named, Mr. Rackham's, not only displays admirable industry, but supplies a critical text of an important document, which will be of immediate and permanent value. The volume shows what vigorous roots the study of textual criticism has struck in our Universities, and is highly creditable to the Oxford Press. But if the continuance of the series depends, as the preface informs us, on the support of the learned public, would it not be well to enlarge its scope so far as to enlist original workers in every department of theology? Also the price is rather high, though no doubt ample value is given for the money.

It is one thing to expound St. John (6), it is another to enter into his mind and act as his interpreter. Dr. Dods has a great deal that is good and true to say about the Gospel, but he is not at his ease with the mystics. There is a slight twang of the platform about his style which of itself is sufficient to prove this. Dr. Dods does good service by bringing out, in his comments on the Lamb of God and the Brazen Serpent, the essential harmony between St. John and St. Paul, though even here we miss something of true critical discrimination. But it is surely an error to treat of the Bread of Life without the slightest reference to the Eucharist.

Many minds appear to be turning to St. John (7) for what they assuredly will not find in that apostle, freedom from dogma and from old-fashioned ideas of moral responsibility. Among these is Dr. Watson, who in the preface to his edition of the First Epistle informs us, on the authority of Professor Milligan, that "all the different branches of the Christian Church are anxiously longing for a deeper and more living theology than that left by the Reformation." Dr. Watson starts in pursuit of a more amiable theology in the most amiable of spirits, and all that he says is very devout and a little vague.

Mr. Sadler's new volume includes the General Epistles of SS. James, Peter, John and Jude (8). All readers know what to expect from this sound, sensible and catholic interpreter.

Dr. Orello Cone's *Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity* (9) is written from the point of view of what is called the conservative section of the advanced school. Dr. Cone appears to know no more about the *Diatessaron* of Tatian than was known to the author of *Supernatural Religion*. This is a very deplorable gap in his armour. The Gospel of St. John he ascribes to a Great Unknown. The book is well put together, and shows considerable acquaintance with German literature, yet is hardly adequate for its purpose.

Mr. Campbell's *Critical Studies in St. Luke's Gospel* (10) is an expansion of the following syllogism: the Ebionites believed in evil spirits and praised poverty; our Lord did the same; therefore our Lord was an Ebionite. Here there is an undistributed middle term, a fault which Mr. Campbell would have avoided if he had started by obtaining a clear conception of what Ebionitism really was. The favourite Gospel of the Ebionites was, in fact, not St. Luke's, but St. Matthew's.

The two volumes of the *Expositor* (11) which are upon our list, the first and third of the Fourth Series, may be found worthy of purchase by many who do not generally take in the theological miscellany to which they belong. The first contains an interesting notice of Dr. Hatch by Professor Sanday, and the valuable papers of Professor Margoliouth on the Language and Metre of Ecclesiastical. In the second will be found two important series of papers by Professor J. T. Marshall on the Aramaic Gospel, and by Professor Sanday on the Synoptic Question. These essays are of permanent interest to the student. To the first volume Mr. Alfred Plummer contributes some Recollections of Dr. Dollinger which may be read with profit even by those who regard the Old Catholics as impossible. There is so much that is good in these volumes that it is a pity they could not be made still better by resolutely shutting the door against articles on Fasting, the meaning of the word *aiónios*, and similar Philis-

tinisms. But no doubt they are addressed to a mixed circle of readers.

The second volume of the new series of *The Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers* (12), containing the translations of Socrates and Sozomen, with the necessary notes and introductions, is to be received with gratitude, though it is hardly equal to the *Eusebius* which we noticed some time ago. The translations have not been corrected so carefully and so thoroughly as they should have been, and, in some places that we have tested, especially in Sozomen's account of the discovery of the relics of forty martyrs (book ix. chap. 2), are nothing short of bad. The biographical notices, bibliography, and explanatory notes (those on Socrates are by Mr. Zenos of New York, those on Sozomen by Mr. Hartranft of Hartford), are well done. Even here there are some palpable errors. For instance, in the list of authors used by Sozomen (p. 220), we find the name of Clemens Romanus. But on a later page (p. 240) Mr. Hartranft points out that the author referred to is more probably Clement the Alexandrine. The volume will probably be found useful, but it would have been three times as good if the editors had begun by giving a really clear and accurate "rendition." The last word is one of the many strange Americanisms that distract the English reader.

It is a sign of the active and widening interest in all matters touching the history of religion, that there should be a call for such a volume as Mr. Deane's *Pseudepigrapha* (13). The writings known under this title had considerable influence in shaping the opinions of the Jews about the time of our Lord's birth. Mr. Deane selects for description the Psalter of Solomon, which is of importance in regard to the controversy raised by Professor Cheyne as to the date of the Canonical Psalms, the Book of Enoch, the Assumption of Moses, the Apocalypse of Baruch, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Book of Jubilees, the Ascension of Isaiah, and the Sibylline Oracles. He gives a full and well-written account of the contents of each of these documents, and supplies his readers with the best current opinion as to their date, authorship, and purpose.

The third volume of Dr. Martineau's *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses* (14) contains, amongst other matters of importance, papers on Francis William Newman, Mansel, and Renan. In the first is that striking passage in which Dr. Martineau "persists in presuming Jesus to be perfect till shown to be imperfect." The same belief inspires his criticism of Renan's theory of a gradual declension in our Lord's character, of a growing feverish enthusiasm which finally rushed upon suicide as the one way out of a false position. It is true that Dr. Martineau can only maintain this belief on the assumption that Jesus never claimed to be divine. But, even with this limitation, we are happy to recognize this solid and strong ground of sympathy with one from whom in other points we are so broadly divided.

Our list of sermons includes *The Spirit of Discipline*, by Canon Paget, second edition (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Oracles of God*, by Professor Sanday, second edition (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Christian Home*, by Canon Knox Little (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Cathedral and University Sermons*, by Bishop Reicheil (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Activities of the Ascended Lord*, of which the substance belongs to Canon Body, the form to S.F.L.S. (London: Wells, Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *Present Day Counsels*, by the Rev. W. L. Paige Cox (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited). Under this head we may notice *Womanhood in the God-Man*, by Ernest Mason (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *Alresford Essays for the Times*, by the Rev. W. O. Newnham (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *The Sacred Way from Advent to Advent*, by the author of *Coming* (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *The Pulpit Palladium of Christendom*, by the Rev. J. H. Skewes (London: Partridge & Co.); and some devotional manuals—*My Comfort in Sorrow*, by Dr. Hugh Macmillan (London: Cassell & Co., Limited); *The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, by the Rev. E. J. Birch (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Simple Thoughts for the Church's Seasons*, by A. B. Tucker (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); and *A Ladder of Heaven*, a pretty little volume of verse, chiefly on the teaching of sorrow (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.).

We have received also the second volume of Schanz's *Christian Apology* (Dublin: Gill & Son), dealing with the problems that have been raised in recent years by the sciences of Biblical Criticism and Comparative History of Religions. The first volume of this learned and elaborate work we noticed a short time ago; Renan's *History of the People of Israel*, from the time of Hezekiah to the Return from Babylon (London: Chapman & Hall); Bishop Lightfoot's treatise *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament*, containing papers in which the author explains and justifies the alterations made in the translation of the Lord's Prayer (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Unity of Isaiah*, a learned little book, the purport of which will be understood from the title, by John Kennedy, of New College, London (London: Clarke & Co.); *Natural and Supernatural Morals*,

(12) *Socrates and Sozomenus*. Translated into English, with Prolegomena and Explanatory Notes. (Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers. Second Series, Vol. II.) Oxford: Parker & Co. 1891.

(13) *Pseudepigrapha*. An Account of certain Apocryphal Sacred Writings of the Jews and Early Christians. By the Rev. W. J. Deane, M.A., Rector of Aahen, Essex. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

(14) *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses*. Vol. III.—Theological and Philosophical. By James Martineau. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(4) *Old Truths in Modern Lights*. The Boyle Lectures for 1890, with other Sermons. By T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., Exam. Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester, &c., &c. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

(5) *Studia Biblica*. By Members of the University of Oxford. Vol. III., with Facsimiles. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

(6) *The Gospel of St. John*. Vol. I. By Marcus Dods, D.D. (Expositor's Bible). London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

(7) *First Epistle of St. John*. By the Rev. Charles Watson, D.D., Largs. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1891.

(8) *Epistles of SS. James, Peter, John, and Jude*. With Notes by the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton, Prebendary of Wells. London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.

(9) *Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity*. By Orello Cone, D.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

(10) *Critical Studies in St. Luke's Gospel: its Demonology and Ebionitism*. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

(11) *The Expositor*. Fourth Series—Vols I. and III. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890, 1891.

vol. i., by the Rev. Henry Hughes (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *The Bible True from the Beginning*, by Edward Gough, vol. iii. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *Christ and Christendom*, the Boyle Lectures of the late Dean Plumptre, reprinted for the Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *Final Causes*, in which Mr. W. M. W. Call refutes the design argument in all its applications (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *Romans Dissected*, by E. D. McRealsam (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); *Universalism Asserted as the Hope of the Gospel*, by the Rev. T. Allin (London: Elliot Stock); *An Introduction to Cudworth's Treatise*, with a Life of Cudworth, by W. R. Scott (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Riddles of the Sphinx*, by a Troglodyte (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *A Plain Commentary on the First Gospel*, by an Agnostic (London: Williams & Norgate); and *Tricks at Truth*, by Mr. Arnold White (London: Isbister & Co., Limited), a collection of papers on social problems. Mr. White writes in a cheery vein. A former volume of his on similar topics, he tells us, was "sold at threepence a pound." It was worth more, and we wish him better success with his second venture.

RECENT VERSE.

THE libretto of Mr. Stanford's new oratorio *Eden*, which Mr. Robert Bridges, adopting a somewhat unusual course, has issued separately in advance of the musician's work, reveals a juster estimate of the artistic relations of poet and composer than is ordinarily observed by poets. The alliance of poetry and music on the stage has seldom proved completely satisfactory to both parties concerned. The composer, too frequently, has been compelled to complain of the poet's total disregard of his legitimate requirements; while the poet, thinking only of his own art, is moved to wrath by what he considers the composer's ruthless treatment of his rhythm or the vain repetition of some single line or phrase. With respect to rhythm the composer does not need the competition of the poet, the resources of music being far superior in this particular. What he requires is an inspiring story or theme, presented with breadth and treated throughout with undeviating unity of style. Mr. Bridges is an observer of these essential matters. The composer is permitted ample room and verge enough, and the poem abounds in suggestions for inspiration. It is not necessary, however, to assume that Mr. Bridges is a musician himself. There was, for example, a writer of opera books, a good critic of music, and a competent musician, who took to writing librettos on a new system merely because he was shocked by the labours of the poet Burns. When a man talks of writing poetry on a system his case, as Byron said, is hopeless. The composer with whom the writer was associated was supplied with everything he did not want. He desired verse that should be simple, terse, energetic, direct. Give me, he said, "short lines," as irregular in metre as you will, and above all things no sesquipedalian words and no complex rhythms. And he found himself like Sindbad with the Old Man, handicapped by the intolerable weight of the new system. The better example of Mr. Bridges may well interest those of the musical public who are exercised in any way by the unequal relations of poets and composers that have generally prevailed. Oddly enough, Mr. Bridges himself, despite his example, is to be heard on the other side. He is not altogether satisfied with the "poetic form" of *Eden*, and talks of revising it in the future. Perhaps this is the voice of the old Adam in Mr. Bridges, protesting as a free and independent poet against the restraint put upon him by the tyrant composer. But should he proceed to that revision it is likely he will be tempted to mar his own example. Milton's projected tragedy of *Adam Unparadised* appears to have suggested Mr. Stanford's oratorio, not *Paradise Lost* or the book of *Genesis*, though either of those might have sufficed. The three acts of *Eden*, "Heaven," "Hell," and "Earth," deal respectively with man's creation, his temptation and fall, and the prophetic vision of his future on earth, his regeneration and redemption. The choral numbers are eminently calculated to entice a composer. The first of these, after an introductory solo of the angel of the earth that refers to the orchestral prelude, is a hymn in which all the orders of the hierarchy of heaven share, opening and closing with the line "God of might! God of love! God of might!" which has its antithesis in the chorus of the infernal host in the second act, "King of death! King of hate! King of night!" It would not be difficult to anticipate the general effect of the composer's setting

* *Eden*. An Oratorio. By Robert Bridges. Set to Music by C. V. Stanford. London: Bell & Sons; Novello, Ewer, & Co. 1891.

The March of Man; and other Poems. By Alfred Hayes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

The Vision of Barabbas; and other Poems. London: Henry Frowde. 1891.

Other Poems. London: David Stott. 1891.

Wordsworth's Grave; and other Poems. By William Watson. Second edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

A Heretic; and other Poems. By Walter C. Smith. Glasgow: Maclehoose & Sons. 1891.

Poems Grave and Gay. By Albert E. S. Smythe. Toronto: Imrie & Graham. 1891.

Songs of the South. By John Bernard O'Hara. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1891.

of these two acts. The awakening of Satan, "I will go forth and win his boasted will," is especially stirring and concentrated. But the crucial scenes are in the third act, where Mr. Bridges, following Milton's example, presents the visions of evil and of good. We are curious, indeed, to know how Mr. Stanford has dealt with the poet's personifications of war, plague, famine, pain, and the chorus of diseases.

The March of Man is a lengthy blank-verse poem dedicated to the memory of Priestley. The song of man's progress and of the destiny of society which Mr. Hayes sings, in verse that is of considerable technical excellence, is a fervid strain and marked by true passion and eloquence. Indeed, if it were not for a trick of iteration occasionally, and a touch of fine-drawn rhetoric now and again, it would not have occurred to us to call the poem lengthy. Unlike most singers of liberty nowadays, he has no pet scheme of his own for reforming the world and mending all the ills that be by one strong master-stroke. The politician in prophecy is generally the man in a hurry; the poet, with his faith in time, can wait. Mr. Hayes deals with time only as a poet may. He looks through centuries, nay moons, of time for the day of "The watchword of the future 'All for all!'" :-

How long to wait
Till that full day, the wisely good best know;
And they who hold their lives in constant pledge
To speed its rising, need not faith alone,
But strength to plough the trodden ground of use,
Courage to sow the seed 'mid storm and gloom,
Patience to wait its growth, and at the last
Contentment to reap little.

The Vision of Barabbas comprises the last dying speech and confession of Barabbas on the night of his execution. To a fellow-criminal, also doomed, Barabbas relates how he became, through a vision, converted and penitent, yet persisted in his evil life to the end. It is not clearly explained why the impression of the vision he describes should have proved so deep, while so barren of good results; but the self-torture of his despair is suggested with undeniable power. The dramatic note of this poem is not repeated in the remaining pieces of this anonymous selection, though there are some picturesque touches in "The Deserter," the concluding poem of the volume.

From the title-page we do not learn that *Other Poems* are by the author of "Poems," or "Some Poems," as might be expected. Apparently some comparison is invoked, but there is no clue to it. The poet of this slim volume is a picture-maker, who reverses the process suggested in Coleridge's stanzas, "My eyes make pictures when they are shut." The other poet makes small pictures with much detail. He notes the smallest components of a scene or the seashore with something of the pre-Raphaelite's art. A pretty picture he gives of what is to be seen from "a sick-room window" :-

Quaint handsome pansies near to earth;
White roses porcelain-pink,
Or redly bursting from green bud
The summer rain to drink;
Ferns; honeysuckle up the side wall;
Thick bushes at the brink.

You look towards the afternoon,
And hear the harbour-dredge,
See the cloud lifting from the sky,
Grey mass with bright white edge,
Over the little perched-up garden's
Brink of evergreen hedge.

In some other poems the other poet abandons this simple style, and cultivates a little mysticism in a jerky, Whitmanian manner.

The second edition of Mr. William Watson's poems comprise some additional poems, with seven and twenty new "epigrams," and is, therefore, something more than a reprint. Mr. Watson's elegy on Wordsworth and several of the sonnets might alone suffice for a high reputation. Their excellence is of a kind that admits of no dispute. The epigrams, however, must naturally cause serious antagonism of views among the very elect. The late Mr. Lowell, it may be mentioned, thought that nothing could be worse in poetry than a certain epigram by Warner, which moved Leigh Hunt to effusive admiration. Certainly, some of Mr. Watson's epigrams are ingenious, and some are merely clever. Others, again, are devoid of every quality proper to the epigram, save brevity.

Those who think that poetry should be crystal-clear, however deep the fount of inspiration, will not find much that is engaging in Mr. Walter Smith's volume. The verse is seldom attractive, nor are the themes of the writer eminently interesting or poetical. "What Pilate thought of It," for example, altogether lacks the dramatic note that could make such a subject tolerable. Sir Edwin Arnold's version is scarcely less imaginative than Mr. Smith's, though far more ornate in diction, Mr. Smith's blank verse being of the prosiest order :-

They say that he died sweetly, and they talk
About his having risen again, and spoken
To certain of his followers, and the priests
Would have these stories silenced by the law.
Nay, let the poor fools have such comfort as
They find in these fond dreams.

A very intolerable tolerant Pilate.

Mr. Albert Smythe's verse is harmless prattle, for the most part, of an infantile kind. Now and then, indeed, it rises above

the level of namby-pamby, as in "Amy," but into what it rises we shall not say:—

I was a little lonely maid,
And shyly timid, much afraid,
All my world was bare, but the castled air,
Long years ago.

Mr. O'Hara's little volume of *Songs of the South* ought not to be neglected by Mr. Sladen when he undertakes to expand his selection from Australian poets. These songs are melodious, fresh in sentiment, and show good workmanship. The rhyming is not altogether irreproachable, it is true, as "wattle" and "subtle," "gulleys" and "valleys," may serve to prove. But the poet's sentiment is true and unforced. The stanzas "In Memory of Henry Kendall" are worthy of that promising poet. In "A Pioneer" and "Oceanus" Mr. O'Hara reveals a singing voice that is both clear and strong, uninfluenced by contemporary English poetry.

A RIDE TO INDIA.*

ACCOMPANIED by the pleasantest of interpreters, a Russian Levantine of the name of Gerôme, Mr. De Windt set out on his travels to Baluchistan *via* Persia. Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff gave him the most cogent and forcible reasons for not proceeding on his journey by a more direct route. His former work showed us that Mr. De Windt was a genial and an intrepid traveller. He can put up with vermin and dirt and bad food and extortion, and makes no unreasonable complaints about his hardships. It was his own pleasure to go where such annoyances had to be undergone, and he is too much of a man and far too thorough a gentleman to be-pity or bemoan himself out loud. His account of his long ride is interesting throughout, as such a ride through such wild country could hardly fail to be. The simplicity of his narrative is its chief charm. There is not an ounce of padding in the whole book, and he never talks in italics. He is very sparing of his superlatives. We listen to him as to an intelligent and trustworthy friend who we know is telling us plain unvarnished truths about a people whom we have hitherto only known at a distance. He is too modest to call himself a hero. He has too much self-respect to strive after a fictitious facetiousness. He evidently does not think it necessary that an Eastern traveller should season his wares with a pinch of buffoonery. He tells the truth about the things and persons he sees and adopts no popular superstitions. He thought the Russian women much prettier than the far-famed Circassians and Georgians, who were, in fact, generally ugly. Baku he found almost insufferably dull and depressing. It is as bad in winter as in summer, and its summers are almost unendurable. The very food has a sickly taste of naphtha. A friend of Mr. De Windt's took a bath in the sea there. He could not get the smell of naphtha out of his skin for a week, during which time his friends forbade him their houses. "Mon Dieu! Quel pays!" said the poor man. We have heard all sorts of stories, credible and incredible, about the Shah. Mr. De Windt tells us that he is a great hypochondriac, that he is very abstemious, that he is passionately fond of music, and that he is a very keen sportsman. One of his favourite amusements is to slide into his bath from an alabaster plank, followed by all the ladies of his seraglio. Persian ladies will slip off their veils and show their pretty features to European travellers if no men of their own nation are looking on. Mr. De Windt initiates us into all the mysteries of sherbet-making. There are many varieties of this seductive drink. Only one thing is essential to them all. They should be prepared with icy-cold water, and they should never effervesce. Travelling in Persia would be even more terrible than it is if it were not for the unceasing, thoughtful kindness of the European telegraph officials. Like other Orientals, the Persians and Afghans are very loyal and hospitable to strangers who come into their tents and houses; but they have no scruples against robbing or murdering them as soon as they have departed. The account of Quetta, its ruler and its people, is too long to quote—but every word of it deserves careful reading. The story of the poor woman who had forty babies at one birth has no especial moral. The poor infants had nothing to do but to turn ghosts. Mr. De Windt has no love for English garrison towns abroad. "They are all alike," he says, "from Gibraltar to Hongkong—dances, theatricals, polo, flirtation, drink, and—divorce." This is the only unfair and unjust remark which we have found in this very pleasant book.

SOME LITTLE TRAVELS.†

MISS ISABEL MORRIS is, on her own confession, a Scots woman, and obviously inherits the vagrant tendencies of her nation; and as for Byron "Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy," so it is evident the memories of the Gallowgate and the

* *A Ride to India across Persia and Baluchistan.* By Harry De Windt. Author of "From Peking to Calais by Land." Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall.

† *A Summer in Kieff.* By Isabel Morris. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

Two Girls on a Barge. By V. Cecil Cotes. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

vision of the Grampians accompanied Miss Morris from the Tweed to the Dnieper; and the memory of the Scotch "fast day" recurs with affectionate reminiscence in the market-place of Kieff. We are bound to say that the tourist is intelligent and observant. She has a clear eye for the characteristic features of Russian life and manners, and records her impressions in a style that is distinctly lively and readable. She suffers from the usual failing of female excursionists, of dwelling with disproportioned amplitude upon "the infinitely little." What is the use of heading a chapter with "Bad Conduct of Hotel Tout," and "Trouble with Cabman"? Did any traveller, male or female, ever travel for a day, much less cross Europe and enter the empire of Russia, without having trouble with as many cabmen as he or she had occasion to employ? But why record it in a printed book? Babies in Kieff, whether of Russian or British parentage, are evidently as much less interesting than the young of all other animals as they are anywhere else, and it was quite unnecessary for Miss Morris to inflict on her readers the long history of her weanling nephew, which she gives us in chapter iv. There is also a tendency, not uncommon with youthful authors, to be untimely funny, and to treat in a jocular manner every subject which offers the least excuse for jocularity. This fashion is harmless, but it is apt to become tedious with repetition. We are interested in learning that Miss Morris, after an agreeable visit to her kindred in Kieff, so far departed from national custom as to return to her native country, and that she did not come back alone. The final chapter is headed "Farewell to Kieff; back by a different route under escort." "Thanks to my attentive escort," she says, "I travelled à la Princesse." Let us hope that the journey has been continued further, on terms permanently advantageous to both parties. We shall be glad to meet with our author again, either under her present or any other designation.

Who V. Cecil Cotes is we have not the least idea, except that she appears to be the author of a work before us and one of the two girls who went in the barge. The other young lady is sometimes styled Edna and sometimes Girtton, presumably from her connexion with the seminary of that name. The two young women, with a disregard of conventionality which we trust is not characteristic of Girtton, take with them two young gentlemen, one of whom is called the Cadet, and the other the Artist. The proper name of the Cadet would appear to be Mr. Talbot Grove, and "the embryo R.A.," as the author evidently thinks it facetious to call him, appears occasionally under the cognomen of Mr. Squiff. The crew consisted of an elderly couple, who are designated Mr. and Mrs. Bargee; and there is a juvenile interloper who at one time bears the name of "Eccles," and at another of "Small Albert," but whether Eccles and Small Albert are one or two we fail to discover. They start from Paddington on a barge which usually carries salt between Coventry and the metropolis; and the excursion, we are bound to say, is as dull as the ditchwater through which they are dragged by "Dob," an old and rickety canal horse. We do not object to people selecting so sordid a mode of conveyance, and genius can make even a Midland canal fascinating to the imagination, as White glorified the coppices of Selborne, or as Alphonse Karr made the *Voyage autour de Mon Jardin* bright as a romance; but uninteresting details related in a style of affected smartness, and in English worthy of a servants' hall, have no "living interest," as Carlyle would have said, "for any human soul." The dulness of the letterpress might have been relieved by some brightness in the illustrations; but these are artistically poor, and socially too vulgar to be tolerated in a book supposed to be written by a gentlewoman who has known something of the advantages of a Girtton training. The only glimpse of real interest in the whole volume is when the excursionists fall in with that excellent old philanthropist Mr. George Smith of Coalville, who appears under the pseudonym of "Mr. Gershom," and is represented as paying the vagrant party an amount of affectionate attention which we are sure he must resent. The style of the book is quite unpardonable. What excuse can be offered for such phrases as "Impressionistic queryist," "A Lady with a Yearning," or "A boat bearing them through the glitter"? What can be understood, at Girtton or elsewhere, by the "subtle muffling of that string, which, vibrating to a single tension in the individual, had meant to me my friend"; or, "by a curious diction of the atmosphere, that is only given out of the great persistency of an academic centre, or a Cathedral town"? It would wear out our readers' patience if we quoted further; we can only say we have seldom seen, within the compass of 177 pages, a greater agglomeration of bad English, vulgar taste, and lack-lustre incident than V. Cecil Cotes has contrived to pack into this space.

BOOKS ON THE EAST.*

WE do not quite know why Mr. Barkley's account of his travels has lain so long in the limbo of embryos. This

* *A Ride through Asia Minor and Armenia.* By H. C. Barkley. London: Murray. 1891.

The Historical Geography of Asia Minor. By W. M. Ramsay. London: Murray. 1892.

The Presidential Armies of India. By S. Rivett-Carnac. London: Allen.

Russia's Railway Advance into Central Asia. By George Tobson. London: Allen.

Ride through Asia Minor and Armenia (a title, by the way, which is either superfluous or inadequate, for Asia Minor, in its wide sense, includes Armenia, while in its narrow it stops far short of it) was undertaken immediately after the war in the autumn of 1878, and it was very well worth publishing. The author, indeed, who was already known by a book on Bulgaria, is not a faultless writer. He is rather careless in minor matters ("serial" for "cereal" and "Zenophon" for "Xenophon" are somewhat surprising in a book with Mr. Murray's imprint), and he has some of the vices of the traditional travelling Englishman. It is unpleasant to read that he once assaulted an Armenian because that foreigner bothered him, and he did not like his looks, the unfortunate victim having all the while had no worse intention than to offer the hospitality of his house to Mr. Barkley. Before proceeding to *voies de fait* it is always desirable to understand what the other side says. But there is a certain fresh and genuine impression given by the book which we would not change for a wilderness of academic correctness and sweetly reasonable conduct. Though he is no genius, Mr. Barkley has something of that racy English fashion of writing which makes the charm of the old travellers, and as the parts which he visited are still very little known, he is well worth reading.

The purpose of the ride (which was undertaken in company with the author's brother, and apparently with no particular regard to expense) is not very clear, though the wise may discern it. In the opening sentence "business" is alleged; on the last page but one it is said to have been "undertaken chiefly for the pleasure of it." Putting these things together, and remembering that Mr. Barkley was certainly, and his brother probably, an engineer, we may guess that it was prompted by a hope of securing "concessions" of some sort under what was then thought to be the approaching English Protectorate of Asia Minor. This will account for some peculiarities in the book, but need not affect the enjoyment of it.

There is no map (as there always should be in a travel book) but the travellers' route can be generally indicated in a few lines. They went by Broussa to Angora through Doryleum (with the spelling of which Mr. Barkley has some difficulties). Apparently they had then intended making straight eastwards by Sivas; but gave up this plan and inclined southwards by Kaisariyeh to the Cilician Gates and Adana. Then suddenly bending east and north they journeyed by Aintab and Urfa to Diarbekir, and thence straight north by Kharpout and Erzingian to Trebizond. It is an interesting route and it is interestingly described, though Mr. Barkley never seems to be able to make up his mind whether he likes or hates the Turk. He loves him with an h because he is hospitable; he hates him with a c because he is not what we can only call "concessionary." This very *méchant* Turk, according to Mr. Barkley, strongly objects to foreign capitalists making their fortunes out of him and his country; while (and here we must own Mr. Barkley's complaints are more legitimate) he is constitutionally incapable of making them for himself owing to his want of intelligence, and his inveterate propensity for killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, by rapacity or by neglect. Coal mines, copper mines, no matter what, it is all the same; and, if an enlightened governor does change things for a time, interested persons have only to send a bribe to Constantinople and all his efforts are frustrated, even if he himself is not slighted and forced to resign.

We own that in a sort of general way we could almost sympathize with the wicked Turk in this respect. Western civilization is not to us so very beautiful a thing that we can blame him much for preferring his Eastern patriarchalism. The mood of the brickmaker in *Bleak House* is excusable in an Oriental, allowed to consider neither his body nor his soul, neither his country nor his possible "concessions," his own, by swarms of foreign missionaries, consuls, commercial travellers, engineers, and what not. But he need not let everything go to rack and ruin quite so much as he does. And it is impossible not to be grieved at the remembrance which Mr. Barkley's writing constantly forces on us, that had English statesmen been a little more active in 1878, England might have obtained such a hold on this great country (something like eight hundred miles long by four hundred broad) that even the disastrous result of the 1880 elections could have done little harm. It is enormously under-populated, it is full of riches of all kinds, and its unhealthiness is partly local, partly the result of faults in administration. Great part of it is extremely fertile; no part is really unfit for European occupation; and it would serve for generations as an outlet for the superfluous population and energy of England. We had it practically in our grasp, and though it cannot be said that we have ever finally let it go, we have never tightened the grasp. Africa is very well; Borneo is very well; but Asia Minor would have been better than either, and at one time there could have been no serious difficulties of a political kind in making it what Egypt is now, with the immense additional advantage that Egypt is densely populated, and can only admit Englishmen to its administration, while Asia Minor is under-populated and could admit them to its land. We shall not say, in the despairing words of the poet, "This could have been but once, But once and no more for ever." But certainly we may look long before we find an equally favourable opportunity for ourselves, and it is not wholly improbable that meanwhile disagreeable interlopers may try their hands for themselves.

The difference between Mr. Barkley's volume and the next on our list, dealing as it does with exactly the same district, is

almost comic. Professor Ramsay—who quotes agreeably a remark of one of his principal helpers, Mr. Pelham, the present incumbent of the Camden Professorship of Ancient History at Oxford, to the effect that the greater part of his book is busied with determining the positions of places of which nobody has ever heard—is not likely to misunderstand our own comment. His book, which but for the Royal Geographical Society would probably not have been published at all, and the materials of which could never have been collected without great personal sacrifices of time and money, and much help on the part of not the richest of Oxford colleges—Exeter—is an extraordinary monument of patient research. For some dozen years Professor Ramsay has been travelling in Asia Minor, whenever he could spare the time from academic duties, and ransacking the texts of antiquity in the intervals to confirm or correct his investigations. Having worked up the result into literary form he lost his MS.; and only those who, in greater or less degree, have experienced the same calamity can appreciate his sufferings. Yet this book is, in a certain sense, a possession for ever. It is not in the least reviewable in small space, for in effect it is a great geographical dictionary, as to every entry of which texts have to be examined, authorities compared, and, if possible, personal experience brought in to help. We think we could review it in double the space of its own five hundred closely printed pages; as it is we can only praise without stint its excellent and numerous maps, the precision and abundance of its citations and criticisms, and the large scientific spirit which pervades it. No one henceforth will write any history on any subject connected with its theme, from the *Anabasis* to the Crusades, without taking it into counsel, and weighing its words; and (which is not a small point) it will put a certain kind of English scholarship before the world out of England as it has scarcely been put yet.

The *Presidential Armies of India* is an extensive and peculiar book. It contains an unusually good index, and by dint of that index may be fairly useful as a work of reference. But it has very little to do with its title, from which we at least expected something entirely different; it is what the French call a *livre factice*, consisting of certain work of the late Colonel Rivett-Carnac, arranged, edited, and reinforced, in a degree not very clearly indicated, by "W. F. B. L.," and it presents the peculiarity of announcing in its contents matter for which we long look in vain in the text. There ought to be a "sketch of the author's career and services" at p. xvii, but the preliminary matter in our copy stops dead at p. xvi, and in some "unprecedented manner," as the Americans say, the missing link is found printed straight on in the middle of a sentence and a sheet, with different pagination, between pp. 420 and 421. It may be insisting too much on literary etiquette to resent such a proceeding, but we confess that we do resent it. A book is a very formal thing, and if an author will not take the trouble to present it formally he must take the consequences. By the "author" we, of course, do not mean Colonel Rivett-Carnac. We are not quite sure, from the preface of the person with many initials, that he wrote anything more than the first six chapters, that he intended them as a *History of the Presidential Armies* (which they certainly are not), or that, in short, we have anything here but the mere lumping together into a *soi-disant* book of a number of different articles. A great deal of the volume is a mere heap of statistics, extracts, anecdotes, and what not, possessing no kind of unity and distinctly discreditable to the editor. It is a great many years since the copy-books registered the dictum that whatsoever is worth doing is worth doing well. This is done very badly, and a great deal of it has absolutely nothing to do with the main subject. We can only suppose that, interest having been some time ago drawn to the subject of the Presidential armies, the title was thought likely to be attractive.

We owe some apology to Mr. George Dobson for postponing so long a notice of the book into which, last year, he wrought his letters to the *Times* on the extension of the Central Asian Railway to Samarcand; but as quite recently the further extension of that railway in the direction of Sarakhs, which everybody who knows has known to be imminent for years, has been hailed by English newspapers as a new and alarming fact, it is quite evident that the public interest in this subject is of that deliberate and steady character which, if it is slow to kindle, is—let us hope—also slow to exhaust. Mr. Dobson may be consulted with great profit by those who are interested in the matter. His book is by no means a mere reprint of his letters to the *Times*; it is enriched and enlarged by considerable subsequent observation and reading, and it is well worthy of a place on the shelves of everyone who keeps an eye on the battle of Armageddon. The probable scene of that battle has pretty certainly shifted eastwards of late years, though we would not undertake that it shall not shift back again to its original place.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE readers of the *Temps* are certainly to be congratulated on having such an agreeable expounder of things military as General Thoumas (1). The General, indeed, does not, as a writer, quite come up to the requirements of that awful Aristarch who long held the same readers in awe. M. Scherer, in his philippic against all *clichés*, singled out for especial withering and fulmi-

(1) *Causeries militaires*. Par le Général Thoumas. Troisième série. Paris: Plon.

nation "j'en passe et des meilleurs" and "le bon billet de La Châtre." We have noticed the first at least once in General Thoumas, the latter at least twice. But these are forgivable crimes, especially in a specialist writer, and above all in a specialist writer who gives himself so few airs, who knows so much, and who writes so agreeably as the General. For ourselves, we have read his volume (which, by the way, has the advantage of good contents and index—things very necessary in such an *omnium gatherum*) right through. We are not quite certain whether he does not incline a little to the credulous. For instance, the immortal Varelâud, who singly engaged eight *Chasseurs anglais* (of what regiment, pray?), put four *hors de combat*, took two prisoners, and sent the other two flying. A few more particulars of the rout of these *Chasseurs anglais* would be very gratefully received. Had they the chivalry to come on one after the other? Did they occur to the hero Varelâud "dispersedly," as the poet says, or all together? And what were they all doing while Varelâud was tooling at them? But we are never severe on such things, which indeed we had rather believe than not. Nor are there too many of them for pleasure here. The General wanders from them to strategy, anecdotes of Napoleon and other people, descriptions of neat little exploits like the blowing up of the Fontenoy bridge over the Moselle by the *Chasseurs des Vosges* in the Terrible year, inquiries as to the best lining for soldiers' insides, and so forth. If you consider too narrowly you may indeed (as where may you not?) find subjects for allichol and unbelief. For instance, no sooner had the General glorified the Fontenoy exploit than all the surviving heroes began to write and say that it was they, and not the heroes who were dead, that deserved the credit; that the thing had happened quite otherwise; that the General had seen a guiding and guardian dog where no dog was; and so forth—all in the usual depressing and Straussian manner; till at last the General had in effect to declare humorously, and not ill-humouredly, that his blowing-up, like another's siege, was done and done with. But what does it matter? Something of the sort certainly happened, and, if it did not, it ought to have. On the whole, these *causeries* are as brave stuff for French boys, and men too, to read, and, what is more, stuff (for all the little credulity as to Varelâud) as free from mere Chauvinism and gasconading, as heart can desire. We only wish some Englishman would do something of the same kind for our own forces by land and sea.

If we may believe M. Harry Alis, *journaliste de son état*, the Tehad craze is very much his own doing. This volume (2) is, indeed, in part a history of the gallant and unfortunate Paul Crampel, who seems to have been in all seriousness a modest and untiring explorer, one in whom neither wounds, nor official disparagement, nor a happy marriage, nor anything else could subdue the *nostalgie du désert*, or rather of the tropical forest. The account of M. Crampel's wanderings in the district called the French Congo, which is, in fact, except the coast and a few fortified posts, occupied by perfectly independent tribes, shows, except in respect of actual want of food, African travelling nearly in its ghastliest aspect. And we are bound to say that, whether from natural kindness, or from the fact that he was on his earlier expedition hardly provided with any force at all, M. Crampel seems to have been perfectly free from any inclination to methods of the Stanley kind. Unluckily for him, he came home, and he and his friend, M. Alis, put their heads together, and conceived the great idea of uniting French Africa by opening up and annexing a way from the Congo district to Lake Tchad. A probably insane Tuareg Marabout, whom they fell in with, inflamed their brains still further (he seems to have gone with M. Crampel, and perhaps to have fallen with him). M. Alis carried the hat and beat the drum among Parisian capitalists and patriots, and the expedition which came to such an untimely end the other day was resolved on. In appendices M. Alis gives the French Chauvinist view of M. Mizon's dealings with the Royal Niger Company—as to which see Sir George Goldie's letter in the *Times* of last Thursday—and contends stoutly that the Anglo-French agreement does not affect his scheme at all. Of course not, M. Alis. What can be clearer than that when two people say, "This is to be the line between my territory and yours," it means "You are not to overstep this line one hair's breadth; but if I can come up to it on your side, by taking you in a friendly way, and à la Foochow, in the rear, I may of course do so?"

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AFTER a lapse of more than twenty years a new edition of the *Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight* (Sampson Low & Co.) has just been issued. This book comprises interesting pictures of the campaign in Virginia during the first two years of the Secession War. Dwight's training was legal, not military, and at the outbreak of the war he engaged in a lucrative practice. There is no mistaking the strength and sincerity of his convictions. The letters show with what ardour he abandoned his profession and plunged into the struggle. He was an enthusiastic soldier and a fervent abolitionist. After his appointment as major in the Second Massachusetts regiment, which force he was chiefly instrumental in raising, he kept up a tolerably regular corre-

spondence with relations and friends in his native State. In Virginia he was brought face to face with the "peculiar institution," and it is clear, from his characteristic remarks on the South, that he never wavered in his abolitionism. His comments on passing events and his criticism of military matters are often singularly shrewd. He seems to have taken the measure of McClellan accurately, at a time when the capacity and character of that officer were hidden from most men. More than once in these letters he chuckles over the affair of Slidell and Mason, and ingenuously confesses that he should enjoy a war with England "if we were only stronger." Referring to an optimistic article on the "advantages of defeat" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he urges very sensibly, on the other side, that "American soldiers will only become efficient in proportion as they abandon their national theories, and give themselves up obediently to the military laws that have always governed the successful prosecution of war." In support of his argument against the absurd system that allowed the men to elect their own officers, he quotes "a capital article" in the *Saturday Review*:—"The incurable habit of insubordination of the citizen cannot be transferred to the soldier." He is disgusted, again, by "the redundancy of brigadiers." When some idiots proposed to disband the military bands, he valiantly opposed the ridiculous reform with irresistible arguments. Unfortunately Dwight, who subsequently became colonel of his regiment, did not live to see the further development of the citizen army, and the completer discipline to which it attained. He was mortally wounded on the field of Antietam, while encouraging his men in the face of the enemy. The present volume fitly commemorates the brief career of a brave and energetic officer.

The new volume of Mr. Henry Morley's "Companion Poets" is an odd compound of Scott and Colonel John Hay. *Pike County Ballads*, &c. (Routledge) includes, in addition to Colonel Hay's ballads and translations, Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick" and "Waterloo," and may be described as a medley rather than a blend. There are some good stirring war-songs and ballads, as the modern war-song goes, in the first section of the book. We cannot profess much admiration, however, for Colonel Hay's "Wanderlieder." These "poems of places" are somewhat trite and thin.

A curious experiment in authorship, and one, we think, not altogether satisfactory, is the dual pamphlet entitled *John Wesley's Churchmanship* (Longmans & Co.), interpreted by Canon Luckock and E. Theodore Carrier. These separate statements of the case by an Anglican and a Wesleyan minister represent very different points of view. From the result before us it is unlikely that the public controversy which was originally proposed on the occasion of Canon Luckock's Torquay lecture could have led to any reconciliation on the whole subject at issue. Naturally, as neither writer was aware of the exact lines that his opponent's pamphlet would pursue, they do not confine themselves to ground common to both. Mr. Carrier is more concerned, apparently, with the conduct of the anti-Wesleyan clergy of Wesley's day than with Wesley's connexion with the Church. Upon several important questions, e.g. Wesley's allegiance to the Church, Mr. Carrier does not attempt to dislodge Canon Luckock from his position, but busies himself rather with the irrelevant question of the Church's loyalty to Wesley.

In Base Durance, by Francis Meredyth, M.A. (Dublin: Hodges & Co.), is a little book of reminiscences of life in Ireland by a prison chaplain. The stories collected in this chatty and discursive volume are fairly interesting and well told, though by no means of an exciting nature. Mr. Meredyth's recollection of prisons and lunatic asylums include nothing of what is vulgarly known as "revelations."

The soft-hearted reader of *A Wild Blossom*, by Jule Singleton (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), might be led to pity the heroine, were it not that the author generously offers in his last chapter the choice of three other endings to his story, each of which is less lamentable, so far as the heroine is concerned, than that of his choice. The seasoned novel-reader is unlikely to be moved in any way by this short story.

Under the title *Science or Romance?* (Catholic Truth Society), the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., has collected a series of papers on the loose and sensational teaching that passes as science with certain popular evolutionary teachers. Mr. Gerard is a clear and forcible writer. He has studied the writings of the evolutionists to much better purpose than many a self-elected interpreter of Darwin.

Mr. Pitambar Bonarjee in his slim volume of verse, *The Inner Life* (Calcutta: Mookerjee & Co.), reveals a spirit of reverence tinged with mysticism that is decidedly poetical. The sincerity of these devotional poems is not less notable than the melodious expression of the poet's aspirations.

In *The Shadows of the Lake* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Mr. Leyton does not rise above the art of rhyming, unless it may be said that the unintelligible in verse-making represents a higher achievement than intelligible commonplace. "Poems on Death," with which the volume opens, are barren of anything more striking than the dreariest platitudes.

To judge of the *Seventh Annual Report* of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara, much trouble and expense are incurred in the maintenance of the land, roads, and approaches adjacent to the Niagara Falls. The Commissioners very properly deprecate a parsimonious policy on the part of the State. They appeal for more money in order to improve the condition of Goat

(2) *A la conquête du Tchad*. Par Harry Alis. Paris: Hachette.

Island, &c., and to provide an elevator at the Cave of the Winds in the place of the narrow winding stairway which stout visitors, we assume, object to. It is pleasant to know that the Commission think it is impossible "to improve Niagara." They are wisely intent upon restoring the surroundings of the Falls to a state of nature, by judicious planting of trees and protecting and re-forming the shores of Goat Island. Survey maps and photographs are included in the *Report*, which is in many respects a very interesting document.

Among recent pamphlets we note *Clerical Celibacy*, an Anglican plea for the wider recognition of the vocation (Oxford: Mowbray & Co.); *Reasonable Christianity*, by Douglas Phillips; *Soldiers' Grievances* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), a thoughtful paper on the Recruiting Question; *Notes on Labour*, by J. Herbert Williams (Stanford); *The History of the Study of Anatomy in Cambridge*, by Dr. Macalister (Cambridge: at the University Press), an interesting historical sketch of famous Cambridge professors and students of anatomy; and *The Universality of Man's Appearance and Primitive Man*, by E. L. Anderson (Edinburgh: Douglas).

We have also received vol. iv. of Mr. John Hutchinson's treatise, *The Practice of Banking*; a second and revised edition of *Elements of Crystallography*, by George Huntington Williams (Macmillan & Co.); Parts I.-II., vol. iii., of Mr. Ralph Griffith's translation and commentary, *The Hymns of the Rigveda* (Benares: Lazarus); *Prichard and Symonds, in Special Relation to Mental Science*, by Dr. Hack Tuke (J. & A. Churchill); and *The Secularist Programme*, by the Rev. W. Harris (R.T.S.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Cardiff, August 28, 1891.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

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August 11, 1891.

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